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MY LOVE.

BY W. W. LONG.

How beautiful she is, my royal love,
My inspiration she was born,
To lift me to the glory heights,
Above the dull earth's cloudy morn.

She drew me from the common things,
Up to life's perfect day,
And all her white soul's purity
Shines ever round my way.

How purely proud this woman is,
This woman so divinely fair;
Strong in the strength of love and faith,
My priestess in love's temple there.

She drew my soul to her white soul,
To her my very life she drew,
From out the darkness where it lay,
From out the old life to the new.

OUT IN THE WORLD

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MIDDLETON'S MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE TEST," "A SHADOW ON THE THRESHOLD."

CHAPTER XIX—(CONTINUED.)

He stopped her again.

"Under ordinary circumstances, I should say nothing of the temporal advantages of such a match; but," his voice grew husky, "the circumstances are not ordinary ones. Stannard will be a rich man; it is not improbable—indeed, it is probable—that he may be the next Earl of Averleigh. You would be removed beyond the possibility of poverty; you may be a countess. All this I should not have said to you if—if something had not happened which makes it of vital importance."

"What—what has happened?" she said.

"Eva," he said, "I will tell you, it is only right that I should. Something terrible has happened; a great misfortune has befallen us. The mine," his voice almost broke, "has failed!"

"Failed?" she echoed. "Oh, father, I am so sorry, so sorry, for your sake! But—but why should you mind so much? Why should you look so heart-broken? It does not matter very much, does it? We shall not be so rich as we thought—hoped to be; but, father, if you do not mind, I do not. Why, think, dear! we were very happy before this prospect of wealth—do you not remember how happy we were?—far, far happier than we have been since the mine began. Why, it seems to have brought you nothing but trouble and anxiety! And me, too, for I have seen and sorrowed over the change which has come to you." She put her arm round his neck, and kissed him. "Do not let it trouble you for one moment longer, father. If the mine has failed, well and good, or well and bad; we will go back to our old life, and be just as we were before, and you will lose all those ugly wrinkles." and she smiled, with divine tenderness, "and be a dear, light-hearted boy again."

Mr. Winsdale groaned.

"You do not understand, Eva," he said. "We cannot go back again to the old life, as if nothing had happened. The failure of the mine means ruin to me. Yes, I am an utterly ruined man. Stop; don't speak! I have borrowed money, more than I can pay. We might be turned out of this house at any moment. We should be penniless paupers——"

Eva uttered a cry.

"Father!"

"It is the absolute truth," he said. "I have said we might be, and there is one only hope of escaping from this terrible fate. Eva, the man who has asked you to be his wife has proved himself a true friend. He is the most noble and generous of men. He has offered to take over the mortgage; to save me from utter ruin. In a word, Eva, if you will promise to be Stannard's wife we can go back to the life which you so rightly describe as happy and peaceful; if you will marry Stannard you will save your father from the awful consequence of his folly."

White and breathless, she shrank back from him. He had turned to her now, with eager face and outstretched hands.

"Do not think I think only of myself," he pleaded. "It is of you I think. What will become of you—you, who have been so delicately nurtured; who know nothing of poverty; who have never had a wish ungratified? Do not think of me, Eva, think of yourself!"

But, as he spoke, he knew that she was thinking of him.

For a moment she seemed scarcely able to speak, then she said—

"Tell—tell me it all again, father. I want to understand——"

He told her again, more calmly, but still with agitation; then, with his eyes fixed upon her, in terrible suspense and anxiety, he waited for her decision.

Eva felt cold and chilled. It seemed as if she had suddenly been transported to a region of ice and snow, and that her heart was becoming frozen, numbed.

"Must I do it?" she asked herself. "Must I?"

And the answer rang like a knell in her heart, the knell of all her joy and hope.

Mr. Winsdale touched her hand.

"Well?" he said, hoarsely. "Consider, Eva! Stannard is—is a good fellow; clever and—and irreproachable in every way. He will make a good husband. I could could not have chosen——"

His voice died away under the look that suddenly came into her eyes; it was a look of dread, of horror.

She was beginning to realize what her future must be; married to a man she did not love, when she loved another. Francis Winsdale hung his head and trembled.

"I—see!" he said. "You will not do it? Then we are ruined! He has offered to take the debts upon his shoulders, even—even if you should refuse him; but that cannot be——"

"No," she said, in a strangely dull voice. "No. I will do as you wish. I will marry him!"

He uttered a cry, a low cry of relief; the rush from despair to hope, joy.

"My Eva, my child—my child!" and he held out his arms; but she did not fall into them, and with a twitching of the lips, he said hoarsly—

"I—I will not put any pressure upon you—I have said that I will not. It must be of your own free will. There is time yet to—to——"

She looked at the fire with eyes that saw nothing but the face of Heriot Fayne.

"It is of my own free will," she said. "I will marry Mr. Marshbank."

Francis Winsdale drew himself up and breathed again.

"Thank God!" he muttered, inaudibly. Then he said, after clearing his throat—

"I will go and tell him, Eva; he is downstairs, waiting. You—you," hesitatingly, "would not like—care—to come with me?"

"Yes; why not?" she said.

He drew her arm within his, and patted her hand. It was deathly cold. They went downstairs to the study.

Stannard Marshbank sprang from the chair, and advanced to meet them, eagerly; then, as he saw Eva's face, its pallor and frigidity, his eagerness gave place to a keen anxiety.

Mr. Winsdale forced a smile.

"Well, my dear Stannard, I have brought Eva," he said, with ghastly cheerfulness; "and I will leave her to give you her answer," and he left the room.

She put out her hand, as if to stop him, to keep him with her, then let it fall to her side, and stood, like a statue, looking straight before her.

Her loveliness, the thought that she was his, filled Stannard's veins with fire one moment, then her calm, frozen calm, turned the fire to ice.

"Eva!" he whispered, and at the sound of her name, his heart beat fiercely. "Is it true? It is such good news to me, it means so much to me, that I can scarcely believe it! Tell me—is it true? That you will be my wife?"

He drew still nearer to her, and took her hand in his burning one.

"It is true; I will be your wife," she said, in a dull, expressionless tone. For an instant, knowing what her tone meant, he was impelled to throw her hand from him, and cry, "I want a live, loving woman, not a heartless corpse;" but he could not throw even the shadow of the woman he loved away from him. Time—time would work for him. In time he would teach her, force her, to love him. And even if he failed, well, she would be his wife!

This flashed through his brain, his heart, in an instant; it was only the pause of a second. Then he put his arm round her, and drew her towards him, and his lips sought hers with passionate demand.

But something in her face, in her apathetic, mechanical, impassive surrender, daunted him—even at that moment—and his lips touched her brow instead of her lips.

"My wife! my love!" he murmured, passionately and triumphantly.

For he had won! Won all along the line! He was the Earl's heir, would be the next bearer of the title, and had secured Eva Winsdale for his wife!

He could have laughed aloud in his triumph, as he held the beautiful form in his arms, and looked down, with gleaming eyes, into the sweet, white face.

CHAPTER XX.

When Heriot had finished the air which floated across the moor to Eva, he rose, and put his violin in its case.

"There's my song, now for supper," he said, cheerfully.

Ralph Forster got up, slowly, as if waking from a reverie.

"You play well," he said, with a sigh.

"But it doesn't seem to have made you very cheerful," remarked Heriot.

Ralph shook his head.

"It would take a sight of music to do that," he replied, grimly.

In the old days—not so long gone!—Heriot would have slapped him on the back, and recommended a drink; but he had changed, softened, a great deal since those days, and, instead of a cynical laugh, and an injunction to drown care in the bowl, he said, quietly—

"We've all some trouble or other, my friend. Let us hope yours will soon pass away."

"It will never pass away," said Ralph. The music had touched the inner chords of the man's heart, and overcome, for a moment, his usual reticence and reserve. "Some troubles get bigger every day; mine's like that."

"Ah!" said Heriot, as they picked their way round the edge of the quarry; "then, there's a woman in it?"

Ralph turned upon him, almost fiercely.

"That's my business! What do you mean?"

"All right; no offence," said Heriot, as quietly as before. "But it would be strange if there wasn't a woman in most men's troubles. It's a queer thing, but women are the cause of every man's happiness, and every man's misery. But let us talk of something else. Is your house far off?"

Ralph pointed to a light gleaming on the other side of the moor.

"There it is," he said. "That light's in the window to guide me o' dark nights; not that I need it."

Heriot nodded, and looked round.

"And those other lights there?"

"They come from White Cot, Mr. Winsdale's house. He's the owner of the mine——"

"A rich man, or will be, I suppose?" said Heriot, mechanically. He longed to speak of Eva, to ask if she were well, to hear something, anything about her, if it were only the sound of her name.

"That's as may be," replied Ralph, grimly. "The other light is the windows of the Court."

"Ah!" said Heriot. "Who lives there?"

Ralph looked at him with some surprise, then remembered that he was a stranger.

"Lord Averleigh, and Lady Janet, and, mostly now, Mr. Marshbank. He's the Earl's nephew, and heir, they do say; for the son is a scapegoat and ne'er-do-well, and the Earl has cut him off."

"And served him right, no doubt," remarked Heriot.

"Aye, he is a bad lot."

"And this Mr. Marshbank, the Earl's nephew—is he liked, popular?"

Ralph hesitated a moment.

"I don't know; not much, I think. He's a London man, and a Member o' Parliament, smooth and polite in his ways as a bit of silk. He's a great friend o' Mr. Winsdale's, and they say a partner in the mine; but I don't know whether it's true. It's no business of mine, and I'm not given to chattering about my betters," he added, as a hint that the subject was concluded.

They walked on in silence, till they reached the cottage, then Ralph said—

"Just wait outside a minute while I say a word or two to the folks inside. They're quiet people, and easily scared."

Heriot leant against the wood fence; and looked at the lights of White Cot. And his heart was in his eyes. Presently Ralph came out.

"Come in," he said. "They'll be pleased to have you, but they won't make any fuss; they're quiet people, and they have seen a bit o' trouble," he added, grimly.

"I hope I am not intruding," said Heriot. "By the way, what is their name?"

"Warner," replied Ralph, curtly.

The name struck Heriot as being familiar, then he remembered Grace. It was a strange coincidence. He wondered whether they were relations of hers. After all, Warner was not an uncommon name.

He followed Ralph into the cottage. A man and woman, not much past middle-age, but looked worn and old, received him with subdued courtesy.

They were shy for a few minutes; but Heriot's frank, candid manner soon won upon them. He made himself unobtrusively at home, and was so much and pleasantly at ease that he soon put them at theirs.

The fire was burning low, Warner had gone out to get some coals; Heriot took some wood from the woman's hand, and deftly arranged it over the embers, talking all the while in his musical voice.

He told them some stories of his travels, and they listened, won out of themselves, as Mrs. Warner laid the supper.

"It's very poor fare," she said, timidly indicating the dish of boiled bacon, and bread and cheese, "but we are humble folk, and it's the best we have to offer you."

"And very good fare, too," said Heriot. "I've gone to bed under a hayrick, with a crust of bread and a drink of water for supper; and I've brought the very best of sauce with me to-night—a good appetite."

They drew up to the table; but Ralph Forster, who seemed restless and uneasy, after a moment or two laid down his knife and fork, and rose from the chair.

"I've got them miners on my mind," he said. "I've a feelin' that they're up to mischief to-night. I must go. Don't sit up for me if I'm late; but I'll try and get back and hear another tune, if so be you ain't too tired." He took up his gun and went out.

Mrs. Warner looked after him and sighed.

"A gamekeeper's is a hard life," she said in her subdued voice.

"Aye," said her husband. "Specially when a man's got his duty at heart as Ralph has."

When they had finished their supper, Warner invited Heriot to light his pipe, and the two men sat beside the fire almost in silence. That vague air of sorrow; the shadow of a past trouble, still felt, hung over the place. Once or twice Heriot was almost on the point of asking them if they knew anyone of the name of Grace Warner, but remembering Grace's half-confessed story, he refrained.

Presently he took out his violin and played to them. He played a cheerful air, and the couple seemed pleased.

"It must be a pleasant life, wandering about," said Warner. "And it's a great gift o' yours. You do make the fiddle speak, a most. I suppose wherever you go folks are pleased to see you?"

"Yes," said Heriot. "The people are so kind, that it's pleasant work playing to them. If a man wants to see the best side of things he can't do better than take a tramp in the country, with a box of music under his arm."

"Are you going to stay in these parts long?" asked Warner.

"I don't know," said Heriot, and his face grew grave. "It all depends!"

It all depended upon Eva. If, when he went to her and told her of the change his love for her had wrought in him, and asked her to trust him far enough to be his wife, and she said, "Yes!" then he would stop in these parts just as long as she pleased.

"What with all these miners here," said Warner, "you ought to do very well."

"And," added Mrs. Warner timidly, "you are welcome to stay with us while you are here." As she finished the sentence, and Heriot was thanking her warmly, he saw her start, and very nearly drop from her hand the cup she was washing.

"What was that?" she asked excitedly.

Both men looked at her questioning.

"I heard nothing," said Heriot.

"Nor I," said Warner. "But my ears ain't so sharp as the missis's. What was it?"

"I—I thought I heard a tap at the window," said Mrs. Warner, in a hushed voice, her eyes fixed fearfully on the window.

"Most likely it's only a bat flying against the light," said Warner.

But they all listened intently, and suddenly they heard a distinct tapping, as if someone were knocking timidly. Mrs. Warner uttered a cry; and her husband rose with a white face.

Heriot sprang to his feet, as the couple seemed unable to move, and opened the door.

It was pitchy darkness outside.

"Is anyone there?" he asked.

He heard a man's footsteps, and Ralph Forster's voice answered him.

Ralph entered the cottage, and put down his gun.

"All seems quiet," he said. "And it's a'most too dark, now the moon's gone, for them to be at any mischief to night.

"Did you tap on the window just now, Ralph?" asked Warner.

"No," he replied. He looked from one to the other in a curious way. "Did you think you heard some knocking?"

"Yes!" said Mrs. Warner. "Yes, Ralph!" with a frightened significance in her tone.

"There's no one there," said Ralph, moodily. "It must have been your fancy, or the knocking of the ivy against the window." He dropped into a chair, and lit his pipe, and sat staring absently at the fire.

CHAPTER XXI.

SIR TANNARD MARSHBANK was late for dinner that night at the Court. As soon as the butler and the servants had withdrawn, he explained the cause to the Earl.

Lord Averleigh was considerably startled by the announcement of the betrothal; so startled, that, for the moment, he seemed unable to express his pleasure and offer his congratulations, and he sat looking at Stannard with an expression on his countenance which was not altogether flattering to that gentleman.

"You seem very much surprised, sir," he said, with a touch of resentment in his voice.

The Earl colored.

"I offer you my heartiest congratulations. You have won a treasure indeed! Eva, Miss Winsdale, is— But you will not need me to sing her praises. You know that we—Lady Janet and I—are very much attached to her. She is as good as she is beautiful, and that is saying a great deal. But—but I will confess that I am rather surprised. I had no idea that you were seeking to make her your wife.

"Everyone appears to have been blind," remarked Stannard Marshbank, with an unpleasant smile. "However, I am glad that you are pleased, sir."

"I am more than pleased," said the Earl. "We shall be delighted to receive her into the family. Your aunt already regards her almost as a daughter. Have you any idea when the marriage will take place? It will not be a long engagement, I hope. I do not approve of them."

"That will rest with Eva," said Stannard, sipping his port, and leaning back with that air of proprietorship and conquest which distinguishes the newly-engaged man. "If the question were left to me, I should say—next week."

The Earl smiled, then sat silent and thoughtful for a moment or two.

"One dislikes speaking of money at such a time, Stannard," he said; "but I need scarcely say that I shall be happy to help you in the matter. You will need a large income, notwithstanding that Eva will, I suppose be an heiress, now that this mine is discovered."

"I'm afraid not," said Stannard, gravely. "I was going to tell you, sir, that the mine has proved a failure."

"A failure! Dear me!" said the earl. "I am sorry to hear that, for the Winsdales' sake. A failure! How is that? I thought you said that a fortune was certain to be derived from it."

"So I thought," said Stannard shaking his head; "but I—we—were too sanguine."

"Then I am afraid a great deal of money has been lost," said the Earl.

"Some, of course," said Stannard; "but not a great deal. I feel the failure very acutely, for, as you are aware, sir, it was through my advice that Mr. Winsdale started the mine."

The Earl sat silent a moment, then he said, in the quietest manner possible, "Mr. Winsdale must not suffer any loss through us. You will ascertain the amount has been sunk, and I will give you a cheque for it, Stannard."

"You are indeed very good to me, sir," said Stannard.

How lucky he was; everything seemed to go well with him!

They went into the drawing-room, and, in nicely balanced phrases, Stannard informed Lady Janet of his engagement. She looked as surprised as the Earl had done, and the same expression of doubt sat on her countenance. Then she flashed and said, "Dear Eva! This is indeed good news, Stannard. I hope you will be very happy!"

She said several other very kind things in her gentle voice, then she turned her head away and sighed, and the Earl, who was watching her, knew that she was thinking of that other nephew—his son, the outcast.

The following morning, Lady Janet walked over to White Cot, and asked for Eva. Eva was in her morning room, and she rose to meet Lady Janet with the glad smile of welcome which always sprang to her face in greeting the old lady; but it died away, and her face grew pale, as Lady Janet took her in her arms, and said—

"My dear—dear child, I have to tell you how glad I am; how glad this news has made my brother and me. Now you will indeed be my own daughter."

"Yes, if you will have me," said Eva.

"I was rather surprised," said Lady Janet. "For—forgive me, dear; you had kept your secret so well! But that is how it should be. I do not like young girls to wear their hearts on their sleeve. I know that things have changed, and that one must not judge the young people of the present day by the standard of old times and manners; but you are just as perfect in my eyes, and I love you all the better for not letting us see which way your heart tended."

Eva stood a little way from her, with downcast eyes. All the brightness that had sprung to her face at Lady Janet's entrance had vanished.

"Edmund would have liked to have come with me," said Lady Janet; "but he thought I had better come alone. The first hours of a girl's betrothal are so sacred! We both hope that the marriage will take place soon. You see, we are so anxious to have you one of us."

Eva averted her face. Before she was compelled to answer, Mr. Winsdale came in. He looked happier, and more like his old self, already.

"Ah! Lady Janet," he said, in his old tones, "you have come to share the good with us, and to wish my little girl here happiness. I have just left Stannard at the mine. As you no doubt know, it has proved a fiasco. Away fly all our bright visions of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice!" He waved his white hand. "But we will not speak of that, dear Lady Janet. There is a silver lining to every cloud, and my dear girl's happiness outshines what would indeed have been a time of gloom for us." He spoke in his fluent, graceful way, but carefully avoided Eva's eyes.

"Now, do you think you and Lord Averleigh, and, of course, Stannard — we mustn't leave Stannard out!"—with a little smile—"would come and dine with us to-night?"

"I had come to ask you to dine with us," said Lady Janet; "but," she added, with true delicacy, "it will be much nicer to come to you."

Mr. Winsdale talked quickly and fluently for a few minutes longer, then saying, "Till eight o'clock," left the room, and they heard him humming lightly as he went out.

Lady Janet sat with Eva for half an hour, saying all those kind and loving things which a tender-hearted woman knows so well how to say; but, as she went home, she felt that Eva had been strangely irresponsive. There had been none of that brightness and joy which a young girl might be expected to reveal to her nearest and dearest friend. Lady Janet, knowing nothing of the pressure that had been put upon Eva, concluded, however, that her reticence and reserve sprung from that quality which is so rare in girls nowadays—true modesty and delicacy of feeling.

That same morning Heriot Fayne awoke with that feeling of the possibility of a coming joy which sends a thrill through the heart of the man who experiences it.

He was near Eva. He had kept his word to her. He was a changed man. He could go to her now and lay his transformed self at her feet. If she accepted him, all would be well with him; if not——. He would not dwell upon such a misfortune.

He rose, and went down stairs. The air was filled with the pungent fragrance of autumn. It was quite early, and he was the first up. He gathered some sticks, and lit the fire; then he went out, and of course, walked in the direction of White Cot; to stand and gaze at the house, and wonder which room served as the shrine for the jewel of his heart.

When he came back, breakfast was ready. Ralph came in with his gun and dog. He looked as if he spent a sleepless night, and returned Heriot's greeting with a gloomy nod.

"Everything was all quiet last night, Ralph?" asked Warner.

"Yes," said Ralph. "But there's something up at the mine this morning. There's a rumor that the men are to be discharged, and the mine closed. If so, there'll be some hot work to-night, with so many blackguards about, and nothing to do; and we are short-handed, too; one of the other keepers is ill, and the other is away, burying his father."

"If you want a volunteer," said Heriot, on the pulse of a moment, "you can count upon me."

Ralph looked at him thoughtfully. "Do you mean it?" he said.

"Certainly," said Heriot, promptly. "One kind turn deserves another. You have treated me like one of yourselves; the least I can do is to render you any service I can. What can I do?"

"There'll be plenty to do," said Ralph, grimly. "You'll want a gun, and I ain't got another; and Bigley—that's the man that's ill, has got it with him up at the town at Newton. P'rap's so be you won't mind going over for it. You might do a little business on your own account over there at the same time."

"All right," said Heriot, and his ready consent proved how changed he was, for he had intended to go to Eva that morning, and, six months ago, he would not have allowed a debt of gratitude to stand in the way of his inclination.

With a scrawl from Ralph to Bigley, telling him to consign the gun to Heriot's charge, Heriot, soon after breakfast, started for Newton. It was a lovely morning, with just that crispness in the air which sends a man's blood dancing through his veins, and he lit his pipe and tramped along with his violin under his arm.

As he passed through the village, he saw groups of miners standing about eating their lunch. They were all talking eagerly and excitedly. One or two of them had already too much to drink.

From a word or two which he caught, Heriot gathered that they had already received their discharge. Some were laughing contemptuously, some were swearing. At sight of Heriot they set up a shout, and called to him.

"Play us a toon, mister!" one or two cried.

Heriot smiled, but shook his head.

They looked at him with surprise, and one of them ripped out an oath.

"You've got a proud stomach this morning," said one of them, a burly fellow, with a flushed face, which spoke well for the potency of the liquor supplied at the Averleigh Arms. "None o' yer nonsense. Play us a jig. We've got a holiday to-day. We're gentlemen, and in fit trim for dancing."

A shout of laughter greeted the suggestion, and the men gathered round Heriot.

"Take a pull o' this, mate, afore you begin," said one, thrusting a pint pot towards him.

"No, thanks," said Heriot. "Not this morning. I'm in a hurry."

"You're hurry 'ull waid," said the big fellow. "You do as yer betters tell yer. Play up; you don't move from here till we've had a jig; eh, mates?"

Now it would have been far wiser and a saving of time if he had acceded to their request, and scratched out a tune, but a threat was always the one thing needed to rouse Heriot's swift temper. This was the first piece of rudeness he had received since he had "taken to the road."

"Which of you is going to stop me?" he said, with that delusive quietness which always distinguished him when he was most angry, and meant business.

"Hark at him!" said the big fellow. "Why 'ere's one, if he ain't too small for yer."

"You will stop me?" said Heriot. "But only you, mind; the rest will stand by and see fair play. You're Englishmen, and I shall get that from you, I know."

"That 'ee shall," declared a short Cornishman. "Fair play for the fiddler, if he means fight!"

"I don't want to fight, but I don't mean to play," said Heriot. "I am in a hurry."

"Then you'll have to wait and get over yer hurry, and yer'll wait in 'ospital," said the big miner, and, slipping off his coat as a matter of form rather than necessity, he assumed a fighting attitude, and struck out in a way that would have sent Heriot to the ground if the blow had fallen where it was aimed; but Heriot was one of the best light-weights of his age, and he parried the blow with a skill which surprised his adversary and the spectators, whose interest in the little affair was instantly increased by his unexpected dexterity.

The bully stepped back and took stock of the calm face and well-knit figure before him with mingled surprise and curiosity.

"Oh, you can fight a bit, can yer?" he said. "Come on, then," and he recommenced the attack. He was a tremendous fellow, and if one of his blows had reached home Heriot would very probably have found himself in the threatened hospital; but the man had been drinking, and was losing his temper, whereas Heriot had been sober for many months, was in splendid trim, and now as calm as an iceberg, and as alert as a weasel.

He guarded every savage blow, and by little snappy taps still further irritated his opponent.

"The fiddler ain't so easy to down," said the Cornishman, and the miners laughed and cheered, for the bully was no great favorite, and Englishmen always admire pluck.

The group had grown into a tolerably large crowd, now skirted by women and children. A stir of excitement ran round. Suddenly, as Heriot received a blow, the first, on the side of his head and staggered slightly, he heard a sharp cry of terror and sympathy.

It came from a woman, and somehow seemed familiar to him. He shot a glance in its direction, and caught sight of a face which bore a remarkable resemblance to

that of Grace Warner. He had no time to look again, or to think of the matter, for the business in hand demanded all his attention. He was in a hurry, and was only waiting for an opportunity to end the fight.

It came sooner than he expected; the miner made an unwary rush; Heriot sprang lightly aside, his sinewy arm darted out, the miner felt something strike him on the side of the head like a stone from a catapult, and went down instantly. Heriot waited for him to get up, then, as he did not move, went and bent over him.

A cheer rose from the crowd. Heriot helped the man to his feet, shook him by the hand, and slapped him on the back.

"You're all right," he said. "Never come on like that unless you're left's on guard. You're strong enough to topple over St. Paul's if you only knew how. Where's my coat?" He put it on, and, declining innumerable offers of drink, made his way through the crowd, now all admiration and adulation.

When he had got clear of them he remembered the girl who was so like Grace Warner, and he paused and looked round, but there was no one amongst the women who bore the slightest likeness to her, and he went on his way, convinced that the resemblance rested solely in his imagination. He reached Newton and found Bigley.

Of course, as it always happens, the man had not got the gun. He had sent it to the gunsmith to get it repaired, and equally, of course, when Heriot went to the gunsmith, he learnt that the man had not touched the gun, but was just "going to do it." He promised to have it ready in a couple of hours' time, and Heriot, burning with impatience, had to wait.

He went into the town and got his hair cut. "What's this on the side of your head, sir?" said the barber; "looks as if you had a nasty knock!"

"Yes, I have," said Heriot. "It might have been a nastier."

"It 'ull be a pretty size bruise before morning," said the barber, consolingly. "It's lucky it ain't broke the skin."

Heriot got some lunch, then went back for the gun. It is needless to say that he had to wait another hour for it, but at last he started on his way back with it over his shoulder. He was doomed to meet with obstacles that day, however, for, before he had got the length of the High street a man came up to him, and in an official tone remarked, "That's a nice gun you've got there?"

"Fairly so," said Heriot.

"Got a license?" inquired the man.

"No," said Heriot. "Not with me." If he had said "Yes," he would have had to have given his real name and address, which he did not want to do at present. "I'm carrying it for a friend."

"Ah, that's what they all say," said the man. "I shall have to trouble you for your name and address."

"John Brown, Manchester," said Heriot, promptly.

The man looked at him suspiciously.

"I believe that's a false name and address," he said. "You'd better come along 'o me to the police station."

Heriot did not know what to do. "You are right," he said. "It was false. Call me Mr. Richard; I'm staying with Ralph Forster, the gamekeeper, at Averleigh, and I'm carrying the gun for him." Heriot's tone and manner were not without effect upon the excise officer.

"Very well," he said. "I shall summons you. I ought to take the gun away from you."

"I would not do that," said Heriot, blandly. "Good morning!" and he went on his way.

It was dusk by the time he reached the Warners'. They gave him some tea, and he had a wash.

It was now his intention to go to White Cot.

"Tell Ralph," he said to Mrs. Warner, "That I shall be back in an hour." He had not forgotten his promise to help.

But as luck would have it, he had not got many yards from the cottage before he met Ralph himself.

"Oh, you've got back," he said. "I'm glad, for if you mean to help me there's something you can do. Some of the men have gone, but others are hanging about, and they mean mischief. Some of 'em are hanging about the mine, but two or three have gone off in the direction of the West Spinney; I'm going after 'em to see what their game is. Will you go down to the mine where you were last night and pick up what information you can? They'll be bold enough, and won't speak in a whisper, for they know we're short-handed, and they think they've got it all their own way?"

Heriot hesitated; the Fates were against him. Ralph saw his hesitation.

"If you don't care for it, say so!" he said.

"I will go," said Heriot, quietly.

"Right," said Ralph. "Better take your gun with you; here are some cartridges."

Heriot put them in his pocket, got the gun, and went off. He reached the mine, and cautiously peered over the hedge.

Not a man was to be seen; all was still. He descended the zigzag path, and keeping out of sight searched and watched, but he saw no one. He was burning with impatience, but mindful of the confidence reposed in him, he threw himself down amongst the heather and waited.

He remained there for the better part of an hour, but seeing and hearing nothing, he was convinced that the men had gone off, perhaps to the West Spinney, to join their companions.

He rose and looked round him. The light was somewhat cloudy, but the moon shone forth now and again, and in its fitful light he could see the chimneys of White Cot. He walked towards it. The side gate, leading to the moor, was open. Drawn forward by the desire to catch even a passing glimpse of Eva, he entered the grounds, and approached the house. The large French windows of the drawing-room were open, and the light streamed forth upon the path. He stole up to the window half unconsciously, and was about to look in, when suddenly a figure rose from a chair beside the fire and moved towards the window.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was Eva. Heriot's heart leapt, and the blood rushed to his face. He felt very much as a miner might have felt upon coming expectedly upon a nugget of purest gold. He stood quite still, afraid that she would see him; afraid to move, lest she should hear him and be alarmed. She had come into the library to fetch a book to show Lady Janet, the gentlemen had not yet come to the drawing-room.

All through dinner she had been playing her part with that noble courage which even young girls will sometimes display. It had been a terribly difficult part, for she had been the central figure in the small party; all eyes, so to speak, had been watching her with loving admiration and solicitude.

In Stannard Marshbank's pale orbs had gleamed, despite his caution, that passion which stands with bad men for love. Every time Eva had met his eyes a thrill of mental repugnance had shaken her, though outwardly she was calm and unemotional.

Lady Janet's manner to her had been that of a loving mother rejoicing and sympathizing with her child. Perhaps Lady Janet's tenderness was harder to bear than anything else, and Eva was almost glad of the excuse for leaving the room and snatching a few moments' respite from the affection which at any moment might, she feared, read her secret.

She had got the book, and had moved to the window to gaze at the sky, which, with its dark clouds flying across the room, seemed in such accurate sympathy with her own troubled mind.

Heriot could see her distinctly. For a moment his senses were held in thrall by the lover's appreciation of his mistress' beauty; then he saw that she looked pale, and as if she were drawing breath and snatching a few moments of rest in the midst of some mental struggle. Instantly his heart was filled with a longing to take her in his arms: to whisper, "What is grieving you, dearest! Let me take your trouble; whatever it may be, it is mine."

At the moment, Eva, thinking it was late for the window to be open, took a step towards it to close it, and saw the figure of a man against the wall.

She uttered a faint cry, and her hand fell to her side. Heriot very wisely went to her at once, and she recognized him.

"Lord Fayne!" Her lips formed rather than spoke the words.

"Yes; it is I," he said. "Do not be frightened. I have frightened you. It was wicked, brutal of me to risk it, but——"

She stopped him with a gesture, and, going quickly to the door, closed it; then she came back, and looked at him as if she still doubted the evidence of her senses.

"I did not know you were here," she said, her breath catching her words. "I did not know——" She was fighting hard for self-possession, and he turned his eyes away to give her time.

"Forgive me!" he said. "It was a wrong thing to do, to come here to-night; but I did no know that you would know, would see me. I have been here since yesterday. I was coming here to-day, but I have been prevented, unavoidably prevented, by a kind of fate. Miss Winsdale, I will go at once—this moment, if—if you tell me; but, if you will let me stay long enough to say what I should have said this morning, if I had come——"

She glanced over her shoulder at the closed door.

"What is it you wish to say? My father ——" Her breath was still coming fast and irregularly.

"No, I must speak to you first; I will see your father afterwards, if you will let me. Miss Winsdale, have you forgotton the last time that we met? What I said to you; what you said to me? Your words have been with me ever since that hour. I told you that I had dared to love you, and, instead of being angry, as you had a right to be, and telling me never to speak to you, to see you again, you spoke words such as I had never heard from any other woman's lips in my life. I was not fit to be near you; I knew that. I was mad to tell you that I loved you—I, who was shunned by every woman with any self respect! I went home feeling like a man whose eyes have been suddenly opened. I saw, for the first time, what a fool I had been; how I had wasted my life; how I had spent it, like a savage or a madman. Miss Winsdale, I was desperate that night. If it had not been for your voice ringing in my ears I should have done something which would have ended the whole business; but your words kept me from that. They did more; they seemed to show me light. I thought there might be a chance for me—not to make myself worthy of winning you, but, at any rate, of proving that I had remembered your words, and was grateful for them!" He paused, his face pale, his eyes fixed on hers with a strong man's intensity.

Eva was still breathing fast; but she could now hear every word, and every word appealed to her with true love's force.

"I left London that night. I was like a blind man suddenly restored to sight. I did not know where to go; what to do. All I knew was that I had to get away from the old life; that I had to cut all the old ties; that I had to prove myself a man, and not a spend-thrift and a fool. I started for the country. There was only one thing I could do, and I did it. Ever since that day I have been tramping from village to village, from town to town, earning an honest living in the only way in which I could."

Into Eva's eyes had come a soft light of tenderness, of sympathy, of joy in his confession.

"I could go on for hours, telling you of what I have seen, of what I have thought. I know, now, what good women like you feel for the poor. I know now that it is not only the rich and the titled who are worthy of respect. I have met men and women who ought to have been the 'swells' they call us, while we should serve them as servants. The life has been a hard one. I have wanted food sometimes and a bed; but, if it had been ten times as hard, the memory of your words, the memory of you, would have supported me, and kept me to my resolution. You will not think I am talking cant when I say that the man who stands before you to night is a changed man. Preachers might have preached to me till they were black in the face, and I should just have laughed, and gone on in the old way. Why, even the woman I love best in the world, Aunt Janet—until I saw you—had done her best to make a better man of me, and failed. If there is any good in me, if I can look you in the face without shame, I owe it to you. It is your doing, and yours alone."

Eva drew a long breath. The music of his voice, his manly humility, the love-light in his eyes, were casting a spell upon her of the most potent magic; but still, wisely, she remained silent.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRIFLES ARE NOT TO BE DESPISED.—The nerve of a tooth, not so large as the finest sewing needle, will sometimes drive a strong man to distraction. A musquito can make an elephant absolutely mad. The coral rock, which causes a navy to founder, is the work of worms. The warrior that has withstood death in a thousand forms may be killed by an insect.

Too austere a philosophy makes few wise men; too rigorous a government, few good subjects; too harsh a religion, few devout souls; I mean that will continue so, for nothing is durable that is not suitable to our nature.

Bric-a-Brac.

A PECULIAR CLOCK.—The most peculiar clock in the world is that in a tower in the court yard of the Palace of Versailles. Upon the death of a King in any portion of Europe the hand is set at the moment of his demise, and remains in that position until another King passes away. The curious custom is said to have originated in the time of Louis XIII.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MEMORY.—There is a bank cashier in Chicago who was the hero of a wonderful performance, just after the great fire. The books of the bank in which he was employed were entirely destroyed by the flames, and with no data except the passbooks of the depositors and his memory, this man restored all the fifteen hundred accounts so successfully that every depositor was satisfied.

WITHOUT A HOD.—There is no hod-carrying in Japan. The natives have a method of transporting mortar which makes it seem more like play than work—to an unlooker. Three men were repairing the roof of a one-story building the other day by resetting the heavy black tiles in mortar. The mortar was mixed in a pile in the street. One man made this up into balls of about six pounds weight, which he tossed up to a man who stood on a ladder midway between the roof and the ground. This man deftly caught the ball, and tossed it up to the man who stood on the roof. This was playing ball to good purpose.

AS TO THE GREAT DANE.—When Prince Bismarck lost his favorite Great Dane, Reichshund, the young German Emperor gave him another, and the news was cabled all over the world. Until then very few except those born in the Fatherland were aware that the dog was indigenous to that country. Credit is undoubtedly due to the Germans and Danes for the preservation of these dogs, and for bringing them to such a high degree of domestication. There is reason to believe that these descendants of the dogs used for hunting the wild boar by German noblemen are of the family of "dogs of war" of the ancients, which were clad in armor and fought side by side with soldiers. At the siege of Corinth fifty of these terrible dogs were stationed at an important out post, and on the enemy's landing they attacking and fought until only one was left alive. He fled and woke the drunken garrison, and saved the city.

IN ANCIENT TIMES.—Is it known generally that works of art were well paid for in ancient times? A German review furnished recently some particulars about that question. Polygnote, of Thasos, who lived about 450 B. C., refused, it is true, any payment for his works, and declared that he was sufficiently rewarded with the title of Citizen of Athens, which had been conferred on him. But such disinterestedness was seldom imitated. Thirty years later the painter Zeuxis, of Heracleum, was called to the Court of Archelaus I, King of Macedonia. He received for his frescoes in the Palace of Pella 400 "mines," about $8000. Mnason, of Elathea, paid $20,000 for "Battle with the Persians," which he had ordered from Aristides, the leader of the Theban school. Pamphilus, of Syclone, gave a course of lectures on painting; each pupil paid for attendance on "talent," or $1200 a year. Apelles received twenty gold "talents," about $240,000, for a portrait of Alexander I. ordered by the city of Ephesus.

THE OLD BLUE-BLOODS.—Alphonso V. of Aragon and Naples was entitled The Magnanimous, because on more than one occasion he released prisoners taken in war, instead of putting them to death or holding them for a ransom. Charles IV. and Philippe IV. of France were each styled The Fair, the first on account of his light hair and flaxen beard; the second because of his extremely handsome personal appearance. Alphonso VIII. of Leon and Castile was styled The Noble, on account of the many exalted traits of character he possessed. Charles III. of Navarre, and Soliman, of Turkey, received the same title. Frederick III. of Germany was styled The Pacific, on account of his dislike to resort to war as a means of settling international differences. Agesilaus of Sparta was known in his time as The Lame, on account of a slight physical deformity. For the same cause Albert II. of Austria, Charles II. of Naples, Heinrich II. of Germany, received a similar designation.

THE vain man and the ostentatious man may truly say, "It is the eyes of other people that ruin us."

OUR ONE SONG.

BY W. W. L.

Sing it very low and tender,
Love's familiar tune;
This one song of all songs,
The memory of a June.
Sobs are mingled with it,
Moans and sighs and tears,
From the pure and holy hours
Lying 'neath dead years.

Sing it softly, it is holy,
'Twas love's opening hymn,
When love's chalice full to gladness,
Sparkled to the brim.
Memory wanders thro' and thro' it,
In a golden time,
When life only seemed but music,
Set to deathless rhyme.

LOVE THE VICTOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FATAL MOMENT," "A RIGHTEOUS RETRIBUTION," "WRECKED," "THE FRUITS OF A CRIME," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"YOU will not prosecute, Stephen? The boy is so young!"

"He is old enough to have been guilty of a crime, and is therefore old enough to bear the punishment."

"He has suffered considerably already—surely enough to satisfy you!"

"My satisfaction is quite beside the question. The necessary consequence of crime is suffering. If people will commit the former, they must endure the latter. It is a primary law, mother, and none of my making."

"Well, but you can spare him the shame of publicity, the degradation of imprisonment! You can exercise the prerogative of mercy!"

"I believe in justice, strict impartial justice, and in truth, mother. I have always said if ever clerk of mine were guilty of any such crime he should suffer the penalty. I never go from my word. I never was given to the weak sentimentality that lives to pet a murderer, and makes much of convicts. The law must be enforced. A decision should be final. Justice must be meted out. That is my creed. The boy has sinned a man's sin, and will justly reap a man's punishment. Ah, there is Frampton in the garden! I want him!"

The speaker, a tall well-built man of about thirty, his handsome face expressive of unbending resolution, stepped through the French window on to the lawn outside.

Mrs. Conway leaned back in her low rocking chair and sighed.

"If Stephen makes up his mind, it is impossible to turn him," she murmured, watching him as he crossed the lawn; "his father was just the same."

And the gentle widow sighed, for her husband's stern pride had been the cause of much unhappiness during their short wedded life, and deeply did it grieve her to find the same flaw in her son's otherwise noble character.

Stephen Conway was the owner of the largest cotton mills at Lorington, the smoke of which populous town showed like a faint dusky pall on the eastern horizon from the windows of Conway House. Although there was not the remotest necessity for it, his father having bequeathed him an almost princely fortune—Stephen took pains to acquaint himself with every detail of his business, and personally superintended it.

He knew each of his operatives by name, and was regarded by them with respect and fear as a just if not an indulgent master. The women pronounced him "a duck," but not the most inveterately loquacious among them ventured in his presence on more than a curtsey or a timid answer to such brief questions as he might happen to put.

Not one of his workpeople would have dreamed of bringing under his notice a grievance, or of asking his help in time of need. Not the slightest fault was condoned by him nor was a second trial allowed. The delinquent was dismissed at once, quietly but peremptorily. Wages were paid to the hour, and merit was promptly discovered and rewarded. Mr. Conway's justice, common sense, and energy were admirable, but the gentler attributes were wanting.

A young clerk at the mills had abstracted the sum of thirty pounds from his master's cash box, which, in a moment of carelessness on the part of a senior clerk, had been left unlocked.

The theft had been discovered at once. When those in the counting-house were about to be interrogated by Mr. Conway in the presence of a policeman, the boy had fallen upon his knees and, with bitter sobs and tears, confessed his guilt.

Led away by bad companions, considerably older than himself, who had played upon his ignorance and vanity, teaching him to regard betting and gambling as signs of manliness and knowledge of the world, he had found himself thirty pounds in debt, which money was claimed with many threats by his evil associates.

Maddened by their taunts, reduced to despair by the impossibility of obtaining the money at once, and fearing the threatened exposure, the boy had succumbed to temptation and had become a thief. Clasping his hands in agonised entreaty, he had prayed to be pardoned.

"Oh, forgive me, sir! I'll work ten times harder. I will submit to anything—only forgive me—for Heaven's sake, sir!"

Mr. Conway's sole answer was a sign to the policeman to secure the lad as his prisoner. Then the boy—his girlish blue eyes streaming with tears, his fair face working with agony—caught at his master's hands as if bereft of reason.

"Oh, don't send me to prison, sir! I have two sisters—one younger than myself—and they're so poor, and have to work so hard! We've neither father nor mother; and I was to have helped them and made a home for them! We'd talked of it so often! Oh, sir, don't send him to prison! It'll kill them!"—and his voice grew choked with strangling sobs.

Mr. Smythe, the manager, coughed a little spasmodically, and even the policeman sniffed, pausing in the act of putting his hands on the culprit's shoulders to look appealingly at Mr. Conway.

"You should have thought of that before," was the verdict of that gentleman; he was quite unmoved by the pathetic spectacle, and the evident remorse of the defaulter. "Smythe, you've got a cab?" he said to his manager.

"There's one at the door, sir," replied Mr. Smythe, avoiding his master's stern glance.

"Very well. Policeman, do your duty!"

"Cheer up, my lad. They'll be easier on you than you think," that worthy found himself whispering to his prisoner. Then, in a tone he could not prevent being reproachful, he said, as the latter's head fell helplessly against his arm, "Poor lad, he's fainted! He do feel it terrible!"

"He's very young, sir," pleaded Mr. Smythe, no longer able to keep silence.

"Do you mean that as an extenuation of his guilt?" demanded Mr. Conway coldly. "To my mind it's quite the reverse. You can carry him, I suppose, if he has fainted. I've had enough of this; justice is justice."

"Ay; but it's a good job such as you has not to judge us at the last!" muttered the policeman, as he helped the semi conscious lad to the cab. "Mebbe he'll find it's none too well off his precious self 'll be then!"

Little did Stephen Conway think as he entered his private room how that anguished face and those tear bedewed eyes would haunt him in the future, and his harsh conduct rise up against him in his own hour of need.

Conway House was a large square stone mansion. There were no gloomy portrait-lined corridors, no long closed chambers, or mossy cedared terraces where the twin shades of romance and mystery might lurk. All was modern, substantial, and handsome. A bright well kept garden surrounded the house, the lower windows of which opened on to a smooth green lawn, intersecting which were various graveled walks—a high brick wall surrounding the whole. Some people objected to this conventual looking wall, but to Mrs. Conway it was anything but an eyesore.

That lady's favorite walk was one between the low-cut laurels and this wall. Here she was frequently to be found in warm weather, pacing up and down, wrapped in a soft woolen shawl, happy in hearing the birds sing or watching the gnats and butterflies flattering in the sunshine.

A simple kindly woman was the mother of the cold proud man who had so recently doomed an orphan boy to imprisonment and a life burden of shame. The love she left for this only son, strong and deep though it was, was ever tinged with fear. She had a secret conviction that if ever he found even her—his own mother—guilty of serious wrong doing he would not raise a finger to shield her from the consequences—that his love of justice was stronger than his affection for her.

Stephen had never caused her a day's uneasiness. His life had been blameless, his character unsullied by so much as a whisper, his truthfulness and integrity undisputed. Yet she sometimes thought that, had he been less faultless and of a kindlier disposition, she could have loved him more.

* * * * * *

It was the day before the Lorington Assizes, and Mr. Conway was seated at dinner with his mother and an old college friend, who had unexpectedly arrived on a week's visit.

Though the curtains were not yet drawn, the light from the wax candles in the glittering crystal sconces gleamed upon the handsome appointments of the dining-room, upon the luxurious table, upon Mrs. Conway's gentle face and violet satin dress, upon Stephen Conway's tall figure clad in irreproachable evening dress, and turned to gold the long blond moustache which seemed in anything but keeping with the cold stern lines of his face, now however somewhat softened by the memory of old Eton days, on which his friend—a short, stout, cheery-looking man—was dilating with much vivacity.

Even quiet Mrs. Conway joined in the laughter of the men as they recalled old jokes and bygone "spreas." It was a bright home like scene, a certain indescribable air of prosperity pervaded it all.

But an ill-timed interruption marred the comfort of the little gathering, for a footman entered the room, and, stepping up to his master's side, spoke a few words in a low voice.

"Simpthe wants me? Did you tell him I was at dinner?" asked Mr. Conway, drawing his fair brows together in a frown.

"Yes, sir—but he said he must see you for a moment—would not detain you longer."

"Well, mother, you must excuse me; and you, Fellowes. Business must be attended to, even at the cost of personal inconvenience, you know." And, with a smile, Mr. Conway left the room.

"Nothing unpleasant, I hope, Stephen!" asked his mother anxiously, on his return.

"Nothing of any importance," he replied, in a tone that forbade any further questioning.

But his unusual high spirits had fled. A gloom settled on his brow, which his guest's lively talk could not altogether dispel, and which caused his mother great uneasiness. She felt sure that Stephen had had bad news of some kind, and her own spirits suffered sympathetically.

Later in the evening, when Mr. Fellowes had retired to the billiard-room, Mr. Conway approached his mother's work-table, and, taking up some colored wools, toyed with them while he remarked, in carefully modulated tones—

"I did not care to say anything before Fellowes, mother; but Smythe was the bearer of unexpected tidings, and in a certain sense unpleasant ones."

"I thought so, Stephen," answered his mother. "Do you care to tell me about it?"

"I don't know that it will interest you," he replied, with deliberation; "but the boy—Maurice, you know—is dead; he died a few hours ago."

"Dead!" grasped Mrs. Conway. "Oh, poor child! Died—in prison?"

"In prison, of course!" returned Stephen harshly. "Where else do you suppose?"

Mrs. Conway trembled violently as she exclaimed—

"And all through you!"—the words seemed to come from her involuntarily. "If it had not been for you, he might have been well and happy now!"

"You are unreasonable, mother," replied Stephen, a momentary spasm contracting his features. "The result of the boy's own wrong doing, you should rather say. I have been strictly just in the matter, and no one can assert otherwise. Had he been steady and industrious he might have made his fortune in my employ. As it is, no one is answerable for the consequences of his misconduct."

"Did you know he was ill?" asked Mrs. Conway, unable to control the tremor of her limbs.

"No—he was all right up to this morning. He broke a blood vessel and died almost immediately, so Smythe says. Constitutional weakness, I suppose, had most to do with it."

Stephen did not add that excessive grief had caused the breaking of the blood-vessel for his mother would have been certain to view the matter in the wrong light. Besides, he did not much care to dwell upon this part of the affair himself.

"Poor boy! Oh, Stephen, you have done a cruel, cruel deed! May the boy's dead mother forgive you! But how can she? How could I, if I were in her place"—and, pressing her hands to her face to hide the fast-flowing tears, Mrs. Conway rose and hurried from the room, leaving Stephen leaning against the mantelpiece, his mother's words rankling uncomfortably in his heart.

"She judges like a woman," he murmured. "Women are all heart and no brain—their weak sentimental natures admit of no sense of justice! I acted as an upright man. Had I given way once others would have presumed on it. No"—drawing himself up proudly—"I acted with impartial justice. No one in the world can fairly challenge my conduct; my conscience is clear—quite clear."

CHAPTER II.

IN THE thronged streets of the big busy seaport town of Warning the gas had just been lighted, and long rows of shops displayed their brilliantly illuminated wares temptingly to the passers-by. Carriages, cabs, and carts went more slowly and cautiously than usual along the slippery roads. The air was intensely cold, and miserable scantily-clad mortals shivered.

Most people hurried along, some in merry groups or couples, only a small minority being alone, and there was a sense of busy movement everywhere. The High street—broad, level, lined by magnificent shops, the domed Town Hall standing back in a huge square appropriated thereto, the ancient Minster opposite—was especially cheerful and bustling.

The Minster bells were chiming for service. Few paid real heed to their summons, though many admired their sweet sounds, for only one or two entered and passed into the dim interior. One of these was a woman—young, slight, shabbily dressed, and laden with parcels. She had been walking wearily down the street, when the sound of the peal arrested her attention, and she went up the broad worn flight of steps, inside the pointed doorway, with its exquisite though smoke blackened tracery and empty niches, through the heavy pall-like curtain, into the nave.

What a contrast there was to the noise and glare without! A few lights near the choir-stalls were just sufficient to reveal the mighty shadowy spaces above and around, and show the stained-glass windows, whose gorgeous hues were veiled in the gloom. Here and there a mouldering tomb, a frayed banner, or a stern stone angel caught the gleam of the gas, in which the faces of the worshippers looked pallid and strange.

The young woman sank upon her knees inside the first pew she reached, placing her parcels on the seat with a sigh of relief. She appeared to be very tired and sad, and the silence and gloom seemed most grateful to her. She did not pray, though in the attitude of prayer, but was weeping.

Presently the organ began to sound—a mere harmonious strain at first, but swelling in volume until a tide of celestial melody filled the whole Minster.

The girl in the quaint square pew raised her face, forgetting that the tears were streaming down her cheeks. She knelt there, her whole soul apparently absorbed in the music, with her thin hands clasped on her breast in an ecstasy of enjoyment. Care and trouble were forgotten for the time.

Her shabby bonnet had fallen back, revealing waves of pale yellow hair, parted on a low wide brow; a rich color glowed in her cream-white cheeks, and her eyes shone with a passionate gleam through the tears that hung on their lashes.

"What a face!" thought a gentleman who, with his friend, was standing against one of the fluted pillars opposite. "A Marguerite—a Magdalen—a Madonna! Which is she most like?"

Soon, with a few sad cadences, the voluntary came to an end, and a young clean-shaven clergyman began to intone in a squeaky voice. The spell was broken. The sudden glow and glory died from the girl's face. It became pale, subdued, and sad once more. Mechanically she rose to her feet with the congregation and drew her bonnet back into its place, and was once more an ordinary young woman.

But the keen observant eyes of the young man who had seen her in the moment of transformation, were fixed upon her still, his thoughts, curiously enough, occupied with her—curiously, for he was not given to taking notice of women as a rule.

When prayers were over and the straggling congregation passed out, he contrived to be in the porch when she went out. The shabby but well fitting dress, too poorly clothing a figure which but for its slimness would have been perfect; the well-worn black bonnet, with its solitary

crape bow, and the parcels, which seemed almost too much for the delicate hands, were all noticed in his rapid keen glance.

"Will you come home with me, Conway?" asked his friend, just as the girl was passing.

She glanced up hastily in a startled way, and met the earnest gaze of Stephen Conway. For half a minute she looked him full in the face, her own working with a strange mixture of defiance and shrinking horror; then she turned away, with a sudden flushing of the cheeks, and hurried down the steps.

"That young woman took you for a ghost," observed Mr. Conway's friend, laughing—"one of the old fogies come out of his musty tomb—eh?"

"She did look rather frightened," admitted Mr. Conway, gazing after the slim retreating figure. "She took me for some one else, and then discovered her mistake, I fancy. But what a lovely creature! Who can she be?"

"Oh, a fascinating shop girl, or bounteous but poverty stricken governess! Surely you are not going to succumb to the charms of the gentler sex after holding out so long, Stephen? But, I say, old fellow, now we've done the Minster, it's time we turn out thoughts dinner-wards, unless you mean to stick here all night."

Meanwhile the subject of their discussion threaded her way amongst the busy throng, neither looking to the right nor left, but pressing steadily on. Soon she left the High street behind; going through other streets less bright until she reached a narrow thoroughfare—half street, half lane—with a third-rate shop here and there, and a dull-looking gas lamp which just served to show the dreariness of the terraces of third-rate houses, with their affectation of grandeur in the way of bow-windows and small garden fronts.

Here the stars seemed to shine more brightly as if to compensate for the dinginess of the place. The air though colder, was fresher, and it was easy to tell that the lane led into a country road.

The girl stopped in front of one of the shabby-genteel houses, unfastened the latch on the low gate, and, crossing the flagged walk entered the narrow passage. A door on the right hand, inconveniently close to the entrance, stood wide open, and through this she went into the tiny square of a room.

Here all looked cheery and comfortable. Curtains of faded crimson moreen, their shabbiness invisible by candle light, were drawn before the window. The walls were hung with a couple of photographs framed in black and gilt—"Harmony," and "The First Easter Dawn."

A cheerful fire burned in the grate, crackling an accompaniment to the singing of a small kettle. A spotless white cloth covered the crimson one on the round table in the centre of the room, where tea was set for two people, while, most homelike picture of all, a young girl knelt before the fire, toasting a round of bread and her fair cheeks at the same time.

She started up with an exclamation of gladness at the other entered.

"Dear Agnes. Come at last!"—and, flinging down the toast, she rushed up to kiss her sister, and relieve her of the parcels, at the same time lovingly forcing her to the easy-chair, which had for some little time been drawn close to the fire in anticipation of her sister's return. "You are late to-night; and now tired you seem!"

"I am tired, Minnie!" admitted Agnes, throwing off her bonnet, and passing her hand wearily across her forehead.

Minnie gazed at her in dismay. What was the matter with her usually calm quiet sister? Her cheeks were deathly white, her eyes looked wild, and, yes—she had evidently been crying.

"Darling, what has vexed you? Tell me what it is!" implored Minnie, kneeling in front of her sister, and drawing her fair head towards her.

"I—I had a fright," Agnes replied, raising her face presently with a poor attempt at a smile. "But never mind, dear, I am better now—I only want my tea."

"You had a fright—in what way?" inquired her sister, rising with sudden remembrance of her neglected toast.

"I thought I saw a ghost. But don't talk of it, it is over. It was my fancy, I dare say. I will run upstairs with my things, Minnie, then, after tea, you shall see the work I have brought."

The toast was finished and buttered, and an egg poached ready on her plate, when Agnes Lyne reappeared, taking her seat near the fire while Minnie poured out tea.

The latter was a nice-looking, plump, fair-complexioned girl about eighteen, on whom, thus far at least, the cares of life had fallen lightly. Seated in the firelight, in a dress considerably the worse for wear, Minnie looked what she was—a bright English girl, such a one as may be met any day in any street of any town. Agnes, on the contrary—pallid, self-contained, dark browed, fair-haired—was like some rare picture that, seen once in a lifetime, causes the artistic beholder to remember its beauty for ever.

The sisters were orphans who, shoulder to shoulder, were fighting, as bravely as women may, the battle of life—never ceasing their brave efforts, which however, seemed to be all in vain.

For some time their work—different kinds of embroidery for Berlin wool shops, poorly paid and difficult to obtain—had been gradually decreasing.

The mistress of one establishment had dismissed them a week before, and Agnes had brought a last consignment of work from another, the manageress having informed her in as kindly a tone as she could that there would be no more for her.

No wonder the girl had a heavy heart. Never had the world seemed so large and dreary as it did that day. It was a cruel remorseless world, which had no pity for orphans, no compassion for the surplus population of unbefriended women. There was no room for the struggling poor amid its wealth and luxury, its pitiless competition, its rude bustle.

Bitter thoughts rose in Agnes Lyne's mind while Minnie chattered through the generally cheerful meal. On the past she could not bear to brood, and the future seemed so drear and hopeless. What could they do? How should they live? Must they part at last? Agnes shivered at the bare idea.

When the landlady had removed the tea-things, Minnie seized on the parcels and opened them one by one, spreading the contents on the table. There was a long strip of blue velvet to be embroidered with jessamine for a chimney-piece, there were a couple of satin antimacassars, and a square cloth for a gipsy-table. The various wools and silks made a bright patch in the otherwise dingy-looking room. Minnie loved the work, and her eyes shone as she handled the delicate fabrics, while swiftly calculating the number of flowers that would be required for each.

"We shall soon get this lot out of the way!" she remarked gaily. "I wonder what they'll send us next? Something deliciously æsthetic, I hope."

"Dear Minnie," Agnes answered, trying to speak as if it really did not matter much—"Mrs. Crampton told me this would be the last lot she could give us. Times are bad, and they are going to contrive to do all themselves."

The velvet fell from the younger girl's hands, and she opened her eyes with a frightened stare at her sister.

"The last lot? What shall we do Nest?"

"Try somewhere else, to be sure!" replied Agnes, smiling the reassurance she did not feel.

"But we have been to every shop of the kind in Warning already!"

"I know, and now we must go again. Have you forgotten the old advice, 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again'? I shall go and bother people into giving us something to do."

"Oh, Nessie, I can't imagine your bothering people into anything!"—half laughing in spite of her dismay.

"Well, you will see me in a different character soon. But come, Minnie, we must set to work. These things are wanted at once."

The sisters worked on almost in silence, for the shadow which rested on Agnes' spirit seemed to fall upon Minnie's lighter nature, and her own unspoken question was, "How shall we live?"

At ten o'clock the landlady brought in a couple of slices of thick bread-and-butter and then went to bed.

"Oh, Nest," exclaimed Minnie, who had stirred the tiny fire, put down her work with a sigh of relief, and was eating her slice of bread-and butter—"listen! The carol singers are singing somewhere! What is it? "Hark, the herald——No! Christians, awake, salute the happy morn!" Oh, how Jimmie used to—"

"Hush, Minnie!" interrupted Agnes, with sudden sternness; then, quickly penitent, she continued, "forgive me dear; I am very cross to-night, but I—I can't bear to speak of it."

Minnie jumped up from her seat and threw her arms round her sister's neck, kissing the white quivering face passionately.

"Forgive me, Nest!" she exclaimed. "I am a great blundering booby, an idiot, a——"

"My comfort and my treasure!" finished Agnes, parting the soft brown hair on Minnie's forehead with tender fingers. "You must not mind my bad temper, Minnehaha. I went into the Minster for prayers, and I think the music upset me. It made me forget all my troubles, took me up to heaven, and it was hard returning to earth!"

"Especially to Frances Street, eh, darling?" asked Minnie with a glimmer of her old gay smile. "Ah, well, who knows? Fortune may give her wheel a turn in our direction soon! Oh, yes, Nessie darling, there's a good time coming!"

Long after Minnie was sound asleep Agnes Lyne lay awake listening to the peripatetic musicians, with their various carols and songs, who succeeded each other all night long in the quiet streets. Over and over again she heard "Christians, awake, salute the happy morn!" She turned restlessly on her pillow, longing but unable to shut out the sound.

What had she to do with that "happy morn," or its story of peace and goodwill to men, she who nursed the memory of an unforgiving wrong, a dishonored grave, a ruined life? Her heart was filled with anger and bitterness, with wild yearnings for revenge.

No, the message to Christians was not for her. But neither was it for him she hated, and this poor consolation took the edge off her misery. He who had made her life a wreck, who had destroyed all its hope and joy, must certainly share whatever punishment that in the far off future should be hers. Nay, should it not justly fall all upon his head? Agnes hoped, believed and prayed that it might be so; and with this unholy supplication on her lips, she fell asleep.

CHAPTER III.

THE days passed on, and it did not seem as if fortune meant to turn her wheel yet in favor of the Lynes. On the contrary, things became decidedly worse. They had work from one shop only, and that irregularly. The little store of money they had carefully saved, quickly melted away.

Agnes could not very well have looked whiter than she became, but Minnie's shrunken figure and waning bloom were conclusive evidence that food, fire and clothes were alike insufficient. It sadly tried the elder sister's heart to see her going about so wan and silent, and watch the tears of weakness gather in her eyes.

A dull despair took possession of Agnes in those days. How cruelly unjust it was, she thought, that other girls should roll past in their carriages, and she tramp wearily through the streets with aching limbs that almost refused to support her; and others should wear silks, satins, furs, sealskins; have every comfort and luxury, and should be cherished and sheltered, happy and cared for, while Minnie and she had but the barest change of clothing, and were hungry and cold! If the very worst that could be imagined should befall them who would care?

One miserable, rainy evening—it was Twelfth Night—Agnes left Minnie, who had a bad cold, shivering over a handful of cinders in the small stove of their room, while she herself went with some newly-finished embroidery to the little shop in Minster Lane which still afforded them scanty employment. The apartment which the girls called "home" was very shabby now, stripped of the few pretty things which had been their own, and in the window hung a large white card bearing the words "Lodgings to Let," for the sisters could no longer pay the rent, small as it was, and were to leave in a few days for an attic in a cheap lodging house in the town.

Agnes's thin dress and old boots were soaked when at length she reached her destination—the dimly-lighted shop in Minster Lane. The mistress, a shrewd business like elderly woman, came in from a back parlor as she entered.

"Oh, Miss Lyne! Well, you are late with the work."

"Yes—I am very sorry, but my sister has been ill."

"Indeed? Ah, that accounts for its not being so well done perhaps?" said the mistress of the shop, examining the scarlet strips with keen eyes, and slowly shaking her head. "Let me see! If I give you five shillings for this, you may think yourself well paid. I shouldn't give you that, only, as it's the last I shall require, I don't want to be too hard on you."

Agnes shuddered. She felt overcome and giddy, and involuntarily she clutched the counter.

"Sit down, Miss Lyne," said the woman, not kindly. "You are tired, maybe."

But Agnes fixed her great dark eyes upon the speaker as she said, in a tremulous tone—

"The last?"

"Yes. But, dear me, Miss Lyne, don't look like that! I'm not going to eat you; but I've no more work for you, and that's the truth. I haven't enough to employ myself in fact. Perhaps when the summer comes——"

Agnes interrupted with a harsh laugh that made the other's blood run cold, as she afterwards declared.

"Next summer? Oh, yes, that will suit quite well—quite well! Oh, Mrs. Jones"—with a quick change of tone—"cannot you give me something to do? My sister and I are starving!"

The girl's voice sank to a whisper over the last word, which caused even the well-seasoned shopkeeper to cough rather huskily; but she still remained firm.

"I can't, my dear! I can scarcely keep the wolf from my own door. But this I'll do for you. I'll give you seven shillings for your work; after all, you've earned it; if you've done it all yourself."

Agnes took the money silently, and left the shop without another word.

"There's no such thing as gratitude to be had in this world," reflected Mrs. Jones, as she returned to her sanctum behind the glass door. "Girls are all alike. You may pinch, and scrape, and slave for 'em, and they'll think it's no more than their due. I'm sorry for that one, though. She looked regular cut up! I thought I'd have had more trouble to get rid of her!"

Agnes Lyne walked like one in a dream when she emerged into the street again. She did not heed the rain or the biting wind, nor did she see the curious glances of the passers-by. She did not know where she was going, nor what she wanted, and was conscious only of a dreadful despair. Then some one knocked against her—a tipsy man.

"How do, darling?" he asked, in would-be gallant tones, leering at her rigid face.

But the girl neither heard nor saw him. She never noticed the glory of color streaming from the lighted windows of the Minster, though that was a sight she loved. The gay shops did not exist for her, but instinctively she went in the direction of Francis street. Once she was nearly run over by a passing cab, but the angry shouts of the driver fell unheeded on her dull ear.

Half an hour later Agnes came into the room where Minnie sat awaiting her, the feeble tallow candle and faint fire-light showing two cups and saucers on the clothless table, together with half a loaf of dry bread. Minnie's heavy eyes lighted up at the sight of her sister.

"Darling Nessie! Oh, I am so glad you have come back!" she exclaimed, jumping up from the hearthrug, where she had been day dreaming in front of the fire.

"Don't come near me!" forbade Agnes, warding her off with both hands. "I'm like a drowned rat! I will go and change my dress, while you open those parcels, the contents of which are for tea to-night, so you must ring for Mrs. Montgomery."

With eager hands Minnie opened the packages, displaying a loaf of new bread, a pound of sugar, and two juicy-looking mutton chops.

She clapped her hands in childish ecstasy. All of a sudden she realized how hungry she was.

"Mrs. Montgomery," she cried, when the landlady appeared in answer to her frantic ring, "look here! Chops for tea, new bread, and sugar! Will you cook the meat, please? Oh, I am so hungry!"

Even the landlady felt inspired by the occasion, so much so that she brought up a shovelful of coal from her own store, as also the previous day's newspaper, which she thought the young ladies might like to see.

"Now, Nessie, we're going to be really cosy," declared Minnie, when all was ready the fire burning cheerily, and the first mouthful of chop swallowed and pronounced excellent. "This is like old times! We shall begin work after tea with a good heart."

Agnes did not speak for a moment, and then she answered quietly—

"We won't think of work just now, dearie; you are to concentrate all your thoughts on your mutton chop. Have you been very dull?"

"Rather," Minnie admitted reluctantly, feeling ashamed now of the tears that she had been shedding in private. "It looked so dreary outside; but now it is spler did. Are not these chops perfectly delicious? But you don't seem to be getting on with yours?"

"I? I am enjoying it immensely; but it is such a large one I can't possibly get through it. I shall save what I cannot eat now for supper."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

"It might have been. Ah! full of deep regret,
We murmur thus o'er days long past and fled.
It might have been—vain idle words; and yet
By mortal lips no sadder can be said.

"It might have been, and yet it is no more
The dream of life, that opened out so fair,
When skies once cloudless slowly shaded o'er,
And hope's bright future melted into air.

"It might have been, perchance, ourselves let slip
The fatal word that brought us all the ill;
The brimming cup just lifted to the lips
Shattered to earth, our hand no more can fill.

"It might have been, but for that cruel word
That wrought such anguish past all love's repair;
It might have been, if only we had heard
The warning voice to save us from despair.

"It might have been, it might have been. In vain
The tortured heart may struggle to get free;
The iron 'never' brings not half such pain
As that which might have been, but may not be."

The Hawk and Dove.

BY E. A. R.

A DARK, autumnal evening was closing in with wind and rain. Fierce gusts shook down the brown and yellow leaves of oak and birch in the dense woods clustering round a hoary castle on the Scottish Border, and the hoarse voice of the hurrying river which washed the fortified rock scarce rose above the moaning of the storm.

A gray-haired warder paced to and fro on the ramparts, and a woman fought breathlessly against the wind on the rugged path which climbed the steep ascent. Her active figure was shrouded in a dark plaid, hardly distinguishable from the shadowy trees in the deepening twilight, and as she approached the castle she paused behind the gnarled trunks and spreading boughs every time the warder's footstep drew near, until the measured tread died away in the distance. At length she reached a heavy oaken door in the thickness of a turret wall, and knocking gently, waited with beating heart and startled eyes for the expected response.

Once a faint cry came from within the folds of the plaid which hid the tiny form of a blue-eyed babe. The mother in terror crouched beneath the shadow of the lintel, hushing the child until it fell asleep. In a few moments, the door opened softly from within, and was as gently closed, while the muffled footsteps ascended the winding stair.

A fire was burning low on the hearthstone of the turret chamber, and the red light of the glowing embers gleamed fitfully on the fair face of the lady of the castle, who, after carefully barring the door of the arras-hung room, came forward with outstretched hands to welcome her guest. The greeting was not that of ordinary and accustomed intercourse; keen anxiety was written on every line of the beautiful, troubled face, the light of the dark eyes was almost drowned in tears, and the heavy black robes, with the white coif of widowhood crowning the rich brown hair, pointed to recent and irreparable loss.

"And wilt thou do my bidding, Agnes, in very truth?" said the trembling voice in imploring tones.

No answer came in words, but a smothered sob broke the silence as the visitor tenderly placed her sleeping babe in the lady's arms, and then followed her into an alcove, where in a richly-carved cradle beneath a swinging silver lamp, the newborn heir of the house lay fast asleep.

The countess took up her child and kissed him passionately, with a heart too full for speech as she laid him in the arms of Agnes, and put the other babe in his place. Then, with a warm embrace, she dismissed the weeping girl, saying only in broken accents—

"God reward thy fealty to me and mine. Be true to me as I to thee."

The outer door closed once more, and the sorrowful mothers separated, the one returning to the fire-lit room, the other to the lonely woods, but the storm which shook each troubled heart rendered both alike indifferent to the outward circumstances of life.

* * * * * * *

Strife and warfare had raged fiercely round the Border castle; lands were devastated by raids and forays, and the divided allegiance of the distracted kingdom in the stormy sixteenth century had destroyed much of the unanimity formerly existing between lord and vassal. Treachery broke out even among the retainers of the feudal chieftain, and a few months before the time with which our story commences, his dead body was brought back to the castle, on the crossed spears of his men-at-arms, in the sight of his broken-hearted widow.

The long days of that sorrowful summer wore slowly away, and with the darkening daylight and falling leaves a child was born to the ruined heritage which remained to the house of mourning. No joy-bells proclaimed his birth, no vassals were admitted to do homage to their future lord. Rumors were rife of attempts to seize the castle itself, and wrest it from hands too weak to hold their own. The widowed Countess knew that with the birth of her babe the peril increased tenfold, that not alone was the child's inheritance in danger, but also his very life. For many hours she pondered with anxious heart and weary brain until her plan was matured.

Force might fail, but stratagem could surely accomplish the desired result, and circumvent the malice of a relentless foe, whose affinity to the dead chieftain served only to render his hatred more bitter.

When the Border earl brought home his bride, she was accompanied by an orphan kinswoman, who filled the light and easy office of bower maiden to her cousin and benefactress. Before many months passed away, Agnes was wooed and won by the brave young squire of the feudal lord, and after her marriage exchanged her home in the castle for a tower hidden in the depths of the forest, and once used as a hunting-lodge, but now serving as the residence of her husband's aged mother. Here the two women dwelt in peace and safety, guarded by a few men-at-arms, while the storm of battle swept round the great castles on the wild Borderland.

The calm was destined to be broken, and the sharp skirmish which cost the chieftain's life left Agnes a widow, safer in her comparative obscurity than the lady of the castle, and when the early days of mourning were over, the slighter and more buoyant nature of the young bower-woman began to find consolation in the baby girl, laid for a moment in her father's arms before he started for the fatal conflict.

After the confusion and turmoil of the defeat, silence and stagnation settled upon the former scene of strife and bloodshed. No harvest could be reaped from the scorched and blackened fields, flocks and herds had been driven across the Border, and desolation reigned over the territory so ruthlessly laid waste.

The wife of the marauding chieftain who had wrought such wanton havoc, according to old Border usage had bidden the neighboring lairds to a banquet, placing a dish of spurs upon the board, with a mocking light in her bold black eyes and a broad smile upon her ruddy lips, as exhibited the well-known token that her larder needed replenishing.

The challenge was accepted, and a wild cheer rang to the rafters, as the guests pledged their hostess in a goblet of wine, and when the rising moon silvered the Cheviots the mad night-riders sped forth on the reckless foray, which ended so disastrously for the defending forces.

Donald, the faithful old seneschal of the castle, was at length informed of his lady's scheme, and knowing that the pause in the hostilities might be merely the recoil of the wave before it broke with redoubled fury, he encouraged the exchange of the two children, aware that the danger which menaced the little heir would not affect the life of a girl, even though castle and lands were forfeited to the enemy. Silence and secrecy were easily kept in the diminished household. Agnes alone had access to the turret rooms, and a French mendicant friar hastily called in to baptize the child, supposed him to be the son of the bower-woman.

A handsome dole and a safe conduct across the Border rewarded the illiterate monk, whose ignorance of anything beyond his native tongue and a few perfunctory Latin prayers, rendered him a safe and unquestioning accomplice. The exchange of the children was effected without exciting suspicion, and the vague words of Donald as to "the little maiden born into a world of woe," were accepted as the simple truth.

* * * * * * *

The long hours of the autumn night rolled slowly away, as the Countess sat by the dying fire, while her sad thoughts followed her darling, borne through the darkness of the shadowy woods in his foster-mother's arms.

The great bell overhead tolling the midnight hour, and the clank of armor on the ramparts, as the sentinel relieved guard, just stirred the silence of the sleeping household, but the last embers flickered and died before the bereaved mother took up her lamp, and entered the inner chamber. The child still slept, but she hardly glanced at it, and passing into a little oratory, she knelt before the ivory crucifix, until the chill of approaching dawn stole into the room, when, seeking her couch, she fell into a broken slumber, disturbed by troubled dreams.

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As the weary years passed on, the Countess became ever more grave and silent, as though chilled with the accumulated weight of mournful memories. The vehemence of her passionate sorrow died away, but the tranquillizing influences of time seemed rather to drive the shaft inward, than to heal the wound. Silver threads streaked the dark brown hair, and when the little blue eyed Muriel, the pet and plaything of the household, looked wonderingly at the still white face of her reputed mother, she seemed so strangely like the marble figures carved on the chapel monuments, that the thought arose unbidden in the childish mind, "My mother turns to stone, that she too may lie down at my father's side on the great white tomb."

It was a strangely-repressed and solitary life for a child to lead, but though the tender bud nurtured in the warmth of sunshine shrivels in the east wind's breath, the mountain flower only opens its petals wider to the bracing blast, and gains strength not only to resist the chill austerity of rock and snow and biting frost, but also to draw from them life and color.

Thus, like a bright floweret blooming in a crevice of the rugged crags, Muriel grew up to a sunny girlhood, learning to read and spin, and embroider at the tambour-frame, excelling in all the simple household tasks of mediæval times, with that contented acceptance of circumstance, which is the special charm of childhood in every age of the world's history.

By degrees the harassing fears which had disturbed the inmates of the castle, were dispelled. The stratagem so far had been crowned with success, and though the savage kinsman still coveted the broad lands for his own, he was content to wait in the hope of securing the heiress for his son.

Overtures of reconciliation were received by the Countess with listless indifference, but though friendship was impossible to one of her royal and constant nature, worldly wisdom recognized the advantage of an armed neutrality rather than open enmity, for the sake of the bright boy now growing up to manhood under his foster-mother's care.

Whenever the Countess rode forth upon her palfrey, attended by her gray old servitor, Agnes met her by the way, and the color flushed the marble face into life and beauty, as the lady, with her heart in her eyes, would ask the oft-repeated question:

"How fares my gay goshawk to-day?"

"Bravely, sweet lady," was the reply, one fair spring morning. "Soon will he soar aloft on outspread wings," and then, with lowered tone, the speaker added, "Tell me now of my bonny turtle-dove?"

With a sigh the Countess answered, "Soon will she be the fairest maid on all the border-side, and though she be somewhat wayward and wilful, yet her winning charm would soothe any heart less sad than mine."

A shadow of tender regret crossed the gentle face of Agnes. She knew that the Countess, absorbed in her own griefs, often failed to realize the fact that Muriel's dawning womanhood required something more than the stern doctrines of sacrifice and renunciation, which often repelled the girl's bright and healthy nature. Instinctively she felt that the purpose of her creation was fulfilled by accepting and rejoicing in the sunshine of youth and innocence, and the emancipation of individuality had involved a certain amount of struggle, so difficult was it to convince her adopted mother that every unfolding life requires room for its own expansion, which cannot be found in merely looking on at the lives or reflecting the experiences of an older generation.

A morbid temperament would have been permanently chilled and saddened, so ineffaceable are the impressions of early years on the plastic clay of a feeble and shadowy character, but Agnes in the depths of her motherly heart knew that this woe at least had not been wreaked upon the child whom she loved so tenderly. Sometimes the long patience of years almost gave way, in spite of the romantic exaggeration of duty which feudalism inculcated, and the poor mother would exclaim, with a yearning too strong to be suppressed:

"Fain would I exchange the hawk for the dove!"

Then the submissive nature re-asserted itself as the Countess responded:

"And wottest thou not that I too am aweary for my bird! Surely thou wilt guard his life for me until the falcon be strong enough to defend his eyrie? Otherwise thou hast served me but in vain."

Then wringing her hands, the unhappy lady of the castle returned to her desolate home, saying in tones of anguish, "How long, oh, God! how long!"

* * * * * * *

Meanwhile, Norman, the young heir, was fast growing up to a noble manhood. Rarely did his mother venture to indulge her longing for his presence, but he frequented the precincts of the castle, and tendered her a royal devotion. His dark eyes often followed her with a wistful expression, as she passed him in hall and corridor, or met him in the woods, when he set forth with hawk and hound for the sports so congenial to his bold and manly temperament.

Sometimes she stopped, and passed her white fingers softly over the curly head, while a quiver of emotion crossed her face, discernible to the boy's wondering gaze, as he thrilled beneath the tender touch. Once as he knelt in reverent homage, and raised the jeweled hand to his lips the Countess folded him in a passionate embrace, and then, with sudden recollection, saying, "For thy mother's sake," she became once more her cold and stately self.

Skilled in all manly sports, and filled with an ardent love for the Borderland, the boy's restless heart ached with a wild longing to share the adventures related by the men-at-arms, as they polished helmet and spear in the long winter evenings by the guard-room fire, when the snowstorms whitened the Cheviots and cut off the castle from the world beyond.

Enforced quietude fretted the eager spirit, but feudal obedience bowed to the command of the Countess, that he should as yet bear no part in any Border conflict. His studies were directed by the grave and scholarly chaplain of the castle, but though the boy's quick intellect grasped the thing required of it, the tastes inherited from a long line of warlike ancestors, were unchanged by any attempt to divert them into another channel. When the lengthening daylight and budding woods ushered in the brief bright summer of the north, rebellious thoughts were stilled for a time by the changing delights of the field-sports which he loved so well.

The salmon leaping in the white spray of the torrent, the trout rising in the dark pools beneath the larch-clad rocks, the deer crouching in the bracken, and the ptarmigan which fluttered and screamed among the purple heather, all appealed to the dauntless nature of the young Border Lord, whose unerring aim and marvellous skill became the theme of the country-side. Trained by the armor-bearer of the dead earl in all knightly and martial exploits, according to the express desire of the Countess, Norman could scarcely restrain his impatience for practical experience in battle-field or Border forsy.

Muriel was his comrade and confidante, and the intercouse which with the freemasonry of youth brightened both their lines, gradually became an indispensable necessity as friendship ripened into love.

One still September evening, as the full moon rose above the horizon, flooding the purple moors with mellow light, Norman sauntered from the guard-room to the ramparts, where Muriel sat on the low stone wall, gazing into the deep valley below. Suddenly the silence was broken by the thunder of hoofs across the heather, and the moonlight shone on the haughty face of Bothwell, as the fierce Warden of the Marches dashed past at the head of his bold moss-troopers, on one of those wild night rides in which his stern soul delighted. The boy's eyes flashed as he said with an impatient sigh:

"Would that I too could defend the Scottish border, or strike a blow for our fair Queen! She needeth every true heart to fight for her cause."

"Yea," answered Muriel doubtfully, "though methinks it were a fearsome thing to wield such power over the souls of men, that they would fain die for one smile of her sweet lips, for one glance of her starry eyes; but"—and here the girl lowered her voice—"what charm can our

wild Warden bear for Mary Stewart? Methinks the very name of Bothwell would strike terror into a woman's heart."

"Thou speakest without thought, Muriel, as is a maiden's wont," exclaimed Norman impetuously. "Wert thou for ever in perfumed palace chambers, wouldst thou not crave a breath of mountain air from these wild moors? I ween that it is even so with our sweet Queen"—and here the boy doffed his cap in unspoken homage to those resistless charms which won so many hearts. "Surely the love of a bold Border chief were harder to win and better worth the holding, than the flatteries of silken courtiers and lute-playing troubadours for ever poured into Mary Stewart's ears."

"Perchance thou sayest sooth," Muriel answered, "but men say that Bothwell is wild and reckless in his love as in his life, and that our Queen is too tender a flower to be grasped by those mail-clad hands."

Those words seemed almost treason to Norman, whose boyish soul exulted in the wild raids and forays of the Border lord, whose reckless deeds and indiscriminate ravages, a irred the young and gallant spirit to the depths. No more was said, but Muriel rose with a sigh and re-entered the castle, while Norman returned to the guard-room, chafing even more than before against the curb which restrained his zeal.

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At length the time drew near, when, according to the saying of Agnes, the falcon was permitted to try his wings. A year had passed since the evening when Norman and Muriel had seen the Warden of the Marches galloping past the castle walls, and the boyish longing to strike a blow for the Scottish Queen was at last to be realized.

The amber light of sunset gilded the purple moorland stretching away to the blue distance of the Cheviot hills which bounded the prospect, as Muriel descended the castle crowned cliff, with a spray of white heather in her hand. Tears filled her eyes as she thought of the lonely days that must elapse before her companion's return, but she met him with a bright smile and hopeful words under the trysting tree at the foot of the hill, and joy beamed in Norman's eyes, as he came forward saying eagerly:

"Remember thy promise, Muriel, that when I have won my spurs, thou wilt take me for thy knight!"

The fair girl's color came and went as she answered:

"Thou knowest, Norman, that naught can come between us two."

"But wilt thou be true though all should urge thee not to wed a penniless knight, who hath nought but his own good sword wherewith to carve his fortune?"

The deep blue eyes were raised to meet the eagle glance of Norman, as Muriel replied, without hesitation:

"Though all men were against thee, yet shouldst thou be my all in all!"

Then, fastening the spray of heather in the polished helmet, her sweet lips met his in mute farewell. An hour later the little band of men-at-arms clattered across the drawbridge and disappeared in the shadows of the oak woods to join the united forces of the Scottish Border.

* * * * * *

Henceforth the life of the gloomy castle seemed full of stagnation and weariness to both the Countess and Muriel. The former with stern self-repression forbore to bid her son farewell, fearing that the springs of motherly love might in one moment melt the ice which hid them, and undo the work of years. The cold kindness with which she treated Muriel remained unchanged, but no sympathy was expressed with the lonely girl, though the love existing between Norman and the adopted daughter of the house, was at any rate regarded with tacit approval or calm indifference.

On the rare occasions when Dame Agnes was permitted to visit her kinswoman, Muriel scarcely dared acknowledge to herself how much closer seemed the tie which united her heart to that of the former bower-woman, than the bond of dutiful affection claimed by her reputed mother. To Agnes alone were confided the girl's anxieties and misgivings about Norman, during the few moments when the Countess left them together, in bower or hall, but feudal obligations asserted their sway; the promise so long exacted was loyally kept, and Muriel remained in perfect ignorance of her birthright to that inheritance of maternal affection of which she had been so early deprived as regards all outward expression.

Tidings of victory at length reached the castle, and the hearts of the Countess and Muriel glowed with pride and tenderness as the longed-for day arrived for the young knight's return. Norman had won his spurs, and acquitted himself with honor; his brave deeds were on every lip, and his own heart, now that the thirst for glory was assuaged, beat high with joy at the thought of once more beholding his lady's face.

The stormy days of border warfare, though rough and riotous, were full of life and color, party feeling ran high, and the rude chivalry of mediæval Scotland, amid the violence of a turbulent age, developed many noble and heroic characters.

The crest of a rising moon and a broken spur, still the cherished badge of a noble border family, perpetuates the traditions of the debateable land, and when the young knight related to the Countess the exciting story of raid and foray and hand-to-hand conflict, her dark eyes sparkled with pride, and her pale cheek flushed with the martial enthusiasm inherited from a bold Border race.

The happy moment won by such weary waiting had come at last. The long years of silence and sacrifice were over, and with Norman's hand clasped in her own, the fond mother revealed to the astonished youth the secret of his birth. He listened in breathless suspense to the strange recital. The voice of Nature had spoken aloud in each young heart, drawing both Muriel and himself by a strange attraction to the real rather than to the reputed mother.

The ardent character of the boy needed a maternal affection which could sympathize with his ambition and encourage him in his martial career, while to the tender nature of Muriel, the restful love which centred itself in home life like a bird brooding over its nest, was the ideal of happiness and peace.

In the early hours of that wonderful knowledge which restored him to his mother's side, the young Earl obtained her consent to his marriage with the fair girl who had unconsciously sacrificed her self for his sake, and amid tears and smiles Dame Agnes placed in her daughter's hand the palm which had grasped sword and spear with such dauntless purpose.

* * * * * *

No credence was given by the hostile kinsman to the rumor of Norman's changed fortunes, and a page of the baronial household was sharply reprimanded for repeating the story told him by a pedlar, who together with his pack of ribbons and laces retailed the gossip of hall and guardroom from the neighboring castles to the lolterers in the courtyard.

The report was dismissed with contempt, and only when the approaching nuptials of Norman and Muriel became the theme of universal interest, did the Baron bestir himself to remonstrate with his kinswoman. Claiming entrance within the castle walls by right of consanguinity he strode into the presence of the Countess in the exercise of his supposed prerogative, not only forbidding the heiress to wed a penniless knight, but suggesting as a salve for all difficulties that she should become the bride of his only son.

When this cherished project was at length unfolded, the Countess, who had listened in silence to the Baron's passionate remonstrances, heedless of Norman's fiery glance and ill-restrained impatience, unrolled a parchment which she took from the hands of the old seneschal, and pointed with one slender finger to the crabbed characters of the closely-written pages:

"My lord," she said to the amazed Baron, "the heir of these broad lands weds whom he will; the Lady Muriel is of gentle birth, but behold here the proofs of Earl Norman's birthright—to save him from the malice of his foes he was banished as an infant from his mother's arms, and his place filled by another, but now that he hath won his knightly spurs the falcon knoweth how to guard his eyrie. The hawk and the dove have but exchanged their nests, and here my wild bird stays his flight."

Deep and bitter was the mortification of the Baron as he rode off muttering vows of vengeance, but joy and peace reigned in the castle, as the cloud of mystery was dispersed, and the aching and divided hearts were at length united by an unbroken bond of mutual sympathy and affection.

* * * * * *

Five years afterwards in the sunlight of a fair spring morning, Norman and Muriel paced up and down the broad stone terrace on the ramparts above the green April woods.

"Thou wilt lay down thy sword now, dear Norman, since it hath already carved out thy fortunes," said the young Countess, with a pleading glance, as she laid her white hand on her husband's stalwart arm.

The dark eyes of the Border Earl flashed with a noble enthusiasm as he gazed on the rolling moors, and recalled the memories which the scene awakened, but turning a softened look on his gentle consort he replied in tones of deep emotion:

"Nay, sweet wife! I will not lay it down, but I will use it to defend my heritage, to relieve the oppressed and to aid the weak!" Then, kissing the hilt of the shining blade which he drew forth from the scabbard he added, "Henceforth my good sword shall be drawn to save life, rather than to destroy!"

* * * * * *

The chieftain's mother was at length laid to rest full of years and honor by her lord's side in the marble chantry, but the young Earl and his gentle Countess, one in mind and heart, ruled over the vast domain of the Border castle. The courage of the one and the tenderness of the other blended in a perfect union of heart and life.

Golden harvests waved over the once desolate and smoke-blackened plain. Terror and tears were changed to security and peace. The merry voices of children echoed through castle hall and cottage chamber, while in happy homes they gathered with hushed and awe-struck faces round the winter fire, to hear the oft-told but ever enthralling story, still handed down from one generation to another oh the Scottish Border, "The Gay Goshawk, and the Bonny Turtle Dove."

CHILD'S PLAY.—"Yes," said the football player, as he donned his heavily-padded knickerbockers, "the game has been robbed of all its rough features, and is now more child's play."

He paused a moment to adjust a complicated feather harness that held his ears close to his head and thoroughly covered them up, and then continued:

"The new rules are designed to eliminate all elements of danger, and prevent players from being injured in any way. They promise to succeed admirably," he added, in slightly nasal tones, as he placed a thick rubber nose-protector over that organ.

"Under the old and so-called barbarous rules, broken legs were not infrequent," he said, strapping on his heavy shin-guards, "but the public may be sure all that has now been done away with."

Brushing back his long chrysanthemum-like locks, the better to see, he tied about his waist and over his leather jacket a wire chest-protector, and struck it a resounding blow with his massive fist.

"The abolition of momentum plays has made the sport almost as gentle as tennis or golf or baseball," he said, with what seemed a sigh, affixing stout knee-caps to his knees and ankle-protectors to his ankles.

"By-the-way," he added, "when you see her in the grand stand, tell mother that my life insurance policy is in the safety deposit vault on Fifth Avenue."

He paused an instant to adjust his wrist-supporters, and then continued:

"The fact is, old man, just between us, the game has been ruined. It is baby play now. Girls could play it without dislocating the crimp in their front hair. Chess and cribbage are dangerous when compared with the new style of foot-ball."

Placing a thick rubber teeth-protector in his mouth, he strode toward the field where beauty and fashion had gathered to see the battle for supremacy.

UNWILLING BRIDES.—If there is a person on earth entitled to sincere commiseration, it is an unwilling bride—a girl who has given her hand, without her heart, in marriage; and more especially is she to be pitied if her heart, unhappily, has been prepossessed by another. Can any prospect be more dreary than that which lies before such a bride? What has she to look forward to, what to expect, what to hope? Linked not for a day, but for life, to one with whom she has no sympathy—who is no more than a stranger, save that in law and in fact, but not in soul, he is her husband!

Is it not dreadful to contemplate? How much more so to experience! It is natural and it is proper that parents should desire that their daughters should marry well, and it is reasonable that they should prefer for them husbands in comfortable circumstances.

But when it comes to the exercise of compulsion in the selection of a husband—to commanding a daughter to relinquish an engagement or an attachment on which her whole soul is fixed, and to marry a man towards whom she feels indifference or dislike—that is a very different matter.

Scientific and Useful.

ALUMINUM.—Aluminum is likely to be employed largely in the future for the manufacture of traveling trunks.

GOLOSHES FOR DOGS.—It is said that water-proof boots are now made for pet dogs to wear while taking their daily run in muddy weather. They lace up the side and are pronounced very neat and useful.

TO SUPERSEDE DIVING BELLS.—A German has invented a kind of house capable of holding four or five persons, to be used in diving and working in sunken ships or among valuable wreckage of any other character.

HINGES.—A creaking hinge can be eased by the use of a black-lead pencil of the softest kind, the point, if rubbed into all the crevices of the hinge reducing it to quiet smoothness.

SHOE LEATHER.—There is nothing better for softening shoe leather than neat's-foot-oil. Castor-oil is much used, but is not the best. A very little neat's-foot-oil on rubber boots will soften the surface and make them less liable to crack.

NEW BOAT IDEA.—A novel boat which has been constructed at Christianstadt, is built with six wheels supporting the sides, so that she can run on the rails which connect the two lakes on which she plies, and the engine power can be transferred from the screw to the wheels for this purpose.

CLOTHING.—Clothing should never be brushed in the house. Physicians distinctly assert that the dust of the street may and does contain the most dangerous germs of contagious diseases, and the greatest care should be exercised that this dust is not scattered through the house, to find its way into the lungs, and possibly to carry the seeds of disease. Garments should be either shaken from a window or carried into the yard and beaten and brushed on a line.

Farm and Garden.

LIGHTNING.—Russian scientific men have ascertained that out of 597 trees struck by lightning in the forests near Moscow 302 were white poplar. They advise farmers to plant poplars as natural lightning conductors.

PORK.—The most profitable pork comes from a good breed; Berkshire and Poland China are among the best. Many farmers have kept wholly to the latter breed for years, and it has built up many a fine farm. It seems to have originated in Southern Ohio, and there pork raising has been pursued as profitably as anywhere in the United States.

PINE-PLANTING.—The region of the Landes, which, 50 years ago, was one of the poorest and most miserable in France, has been made one of the most prosperous, owing to the planting of pines. The increased value is estimated at 1,000,000,000 francs. Where there were, fifty years ago, only a few thousand poor and unhealthy shepherds whose flocks pastured on the scanty herbage, there are now sawmills, charcoal kilns and turpentine works, interspersed with thriving villages and fertile agricultural lands.

SEEDS.—The best time to sow sage seeds is in spring, not later than the first of May. They should be sown in some small patch where the soil is very rich, and by July they will be ready for transplanting. Usually the first spring crop of vegetables will be harvested by this time, and one can accommodate the transplanting to suit his particular needs. With a little forcing the plants will be ready for transplanting by the 1st of June, and if the ground is needed for other purposes they can be kept growing till the latter part of July before shifting them to the open field.

SAGE.—Sage makes a good money crop when used to follow the early vegetables, such as beets, radishes, cabbages, etc., but when treated as a hardy perennial it does not make sufficient return to pay the interest on land that is worth much. Where land is cheap, and the soil barely cleared of brush, it may pay to give it over to the sage crop, which will grow for several years without much cultivation. But, as a cultivated crop, sage gives better results when treated as an annual, and the farmers who raise it for market find it fairly remunerative.

CROUP IS QUICKLY RELIEVED, and Whooping Cough greatly helped, and its duration shortened by Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, the old family stand-by for Coughs and Colds, and all Lung or Throat affections.

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Of Ambition.

An old moralist says: "Endeavor to be first in thy calling, whatever it may be; neither let any one go before thee in well doing; nevertheless, do not envy the merits of another, but improve thy own talents." Now, such a behest is too general and wide. We may in the first place hate our calling, and have a vicious one, and it will be better than to change it; and as to being first, we know that in a long road some needs must follow, and that if we push others out of the way to get first ourselves, we shall not be doing a good thing, and certainly one very perilous to our souls. Ambition is really of so complicated a nature, it is so common to man, so beneficent in some results, and so disastrous in others, that it is not to be treated with a few broken sentences or lame verses, but requires deep thought and consideration.

The greatest poet whom the world has ever produced certainly flung it away. He threw his works upon the public, careless even of their being printed, retired to his country house, having left the copies of his best plays kicking about at the theatre, or to be burnt as waste paper, after his death at Stratford, by a careless son-in-law. Yet a nobler ambition than to achieve the place of the first dramatic poet could fill no man's breast.

Shakspere has been the teacher, guide, philosopher, and friend of all men for three hundred years; and men have shown their gratitude by just now beginning to take measures for setting up a statue to him.

The wisest of men have taken care to uproot this feeling, this selfish passion of ambition, this love of distinction, out from their breasts. Swift, always wise and trenchant in his satire, ridicules our ribbons, badges and medals by showing the Lilliputians jumping over red and blue silk thread, for the purpose of being decorated.

Moderation and contentment have been from time out of mind recommended and descanted upon as antidotes to ambition; and we all of us need these antidotes, because, with very few exceptions, we are all of us extremely subject to the passion. The man who carries letters would choose to be post-office clerk; the man before the mast a coxswain; the coxswain a first lieutenant.

When Richelieu gave away a place, he said that he had made "one man ungrateful and had offended fifty." The fifty were the needy and ambitious nobodies who wanted to be somebody, and went away disappointed. "Fain would they climb," and without any fear of falling. What was true then, is equally so now.

Rochefoucauld, who always put an ill-natured construction upon all human feelings and actions, and so despised man that he certainly could see no good in him, finds no virtue in moderation. "It cannot have the credit," he says, "of conquering and subduing ambition, because they (the two motive powers) are never found together.

"Moderation is the languor and indolence of the soul, as ambition is its activity and ardor." This is not wholly true, or at any rate it is so far false as this, that any soul, however moderate in its desires, can be whipped, pricked and stirred up into being ambitious; and when once the fiend is raised, there will always be a great trouble to lay it again, for ambition is one of those passions that swell and grow with success; it commences with the lowest rung of the ladder, and is never satisfied till it reaches the highest.

Had Alexander found out another world to conquer, he would have looked up to the stars after winning it, and have prayed to be allowed to mount, merely for the insane purpose of worrying the quiet, and perhaps gelid, inhabitants.

If moderation and ambition do not dwell together in the same breast, and at the first, they cannot do so afterwards; for unless curbed with the strongest will, and held down with the most determined restraint, ambition will not let any other passion dwell with it. A young cuckoo hatched in the nest of a hedge-sparrow, by mere force of nature, grows bigger and bigger, till by its increased size, and by being the most forward, and the most hungry, it obtains most of the food brought by its anxious and deceived stepmother, and gradually elbows the smaller and weaker birds out of the nest.

One can see the starved and callow fledglings lying on the ground beneath their parent's nest. So it is with ambition. It will make a bad and lazy man industrious and virtuous. It will transform a spendthrift into a miser, il will gift men with supernatural activity and quickness, and at the same time it will make a generous good man a grasping and hard-hearted tyrant.

"It is," writes Jeremy Taylor, "the most troublesome and vexatious passion that can afflict the sons of men. It is full of distractions; it teems with stratagems, and is swelled with expectations as with a tympany. It sleeps sometimes as a wind in a storm, still and quiet for a minute, that it may burst out into an impetuous blast till the cordage of his heart-strings cracks. It makes the present certainly miserable, unsatisfied, troublesome and discontented, for the uncertain acquisition of an honor which nothing can secure; and besides a thousand possibilities of miscarrying, it relies upon no greater certainty than our life; and when we are dead, all the world sees who was the fool!"

Lord Bacon, in an essay on ambition, seems to have written only for kings, advising them when to use ambitious men, for such men, he says, "will be good servants," active, ardent, full of work and stirring. But when they have arrived at a certain point, then they are dangerous, and should be put away.

Or in a lower case, a man may have an ambition to be rich, great, and much talked of, and by the sacrifice of his own peace of mind, he gains the empty decoration of a name, or piles dollar on dollar, or adds field to field, to look back with regret upon the hot and weary path he trod, and the sweet home pleasures, so refreshing to body and soul, from which he turned in his hurry, or passed by with contempt.

There is one variety of this passion—a passion which has a myriad forms, and which is so prevalent, that a satirist has not hesitated to call it the "universal passion,"—which is alone excusable.

Bacon well defines it. "Honor," he writes, "hath three things in it: the vantage ground to do good; the approach to kings and principal persons; and the raising of a man's own fortune. He that hath the best of these intentions when he aspireth, is an honest man."

Honest, indeed, but a very rare one. The second and third are the chief springs in the hearts of most of us. Even the first is not to be lightly entertained, for in endeavoring to gain the vantage ground of doing good, we sometimes forget the straight path. We should indeed be content to do good where we find ourselves called to do it, in our homes and at our waysides. We may depend that, did we all listen to these calls upon us, we should find opportunities enough of serving God.

To be known as one who is a doer of good, is an honest ambition, but it is a dangerous one—perhaps the most dangerous of all. How many a poor man's head has been turned by the flatterers who are ready to tell him that he has the virtues of a god! And how many a pure impulse to do good by stealth, and which would have blushed to find it fame, has degenerated into the hungry craving of being talked about, which too often fills the heart of the professed philanthropist!

THE best medicines in the world are warmth, rest, cleanliness and pure air. Some persons make it a virtue to brave disease, "to keep up" as long as they can move a foot or finger, and it sometimes succeeds; but in others the powers of life are thereby so completely exhausted that the system has lost all ability to recuperate. Whenever walking or work is an effort, a warm bed and cool room are the very first indispensables to a sure and speedy recovery.

THE power of wise self-control can never be over-estimated. It is the distinguishing feature of the manly man and the womanly woman. But, that it may be truly wise, it must judge what to restrain and what to develop. It must deal fully as much with the encouragement of what is good but weak as with discouragement of what is evil and strong.

THERE is seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's face but a line of suffering runs parallel with it; and they that read the lustrous syllables of the one, and stop not to decipher the spotted and worn inscription of the other, get the lesser half of the lesson earth has to give.

All efforts to hide our real character are injurious, whether successful or unsuccessful. Manners are not a veil to conceal, but an aperture to show our real selves; and the sooner we put ourselves into harmony with this truth, the better for all of us.

To interfere frequently and minutely with those we employ injures them in destroying their self-reliance and ourselves in dissipating our powers. It is a double waste of force, and must therefore be doubly detrimental.

THE avaricious man is like the barren, sandy ground of the desert, which sucks in all the rain and dews with greediness, but yields no fruitful herbs or plants for the benefit of others.

'Tis fancy, not the reason of things, that makes us so uneasy. It is not the place, nor the condition, but the mind alone, that can make us happy or miserable.

THE noblest productions of a people are its best men. They are its praise and prosperity. Every one takes pride in them, and in some sort partakes of their gifts.

OBEDIENCE is a habit, and must be learned, like other habits, rather by practice than by theory, by being orderly, not by talking about order.

PREJUDICE and self-sufficiency naturally proceed from inexperience of the world and ignorance of mankind.

POLITENESS is like an air cushion; there may be nothing in it, but it eases you wonderfully.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

MAUD H.—**The word Albino comes** from the Latin word for "white." The term was originally applied by the Portuguese to the white negroes whom they met on the coast of Africa. At present, any person of a preternatural whiteness of skin and hair, and peculiar redness of the iris and pupil of the eye, is called an Albino.

S. A. B.—**Life has increased not only** in quantity but in length. The average of life, now not much above thirty years, was two centures ago not above twenty-five years. Since the introduction of scientific doctors more infants live, although many die in unhealthy town districts—two in five before reaching the age of two years. The quality of life is better; that is, we have better health and fewer terrible diseases; men, too, are much stronger; the heavy armor which knights wore used often to smother them. The life of man can be possibly extended yet more. Some hold that he does not live long enough as it is, and assert that the Psalmist's term of life, three score years and ten, is thirty years too short. Animals, they say, live five times the period of their growth, and this growth is determined by the setting of the bones; thus a dog grows for two years, and lives ten; a man grows for twenty years, and should live a hundred.

L. S. JONES.—**There is no scientific** or other reason to suppose that the spirit leaves the body during sleep. That is a strange notion which prevailed in dark and ignorant times, and gav rise to the superstition that, if a sleeper was awkened too suddenly, his absent spirit might not have time to return. It has been suggested that it would be well if this dread, as it seems, could be revived "for the special warning of attendants on the insane." It is a fact that "there is a real danger in arousing the victims of mental disease roughly, and compelling them to rise half awake to their duties." Of course the risk of mental disturbance is not comparable in the case of healthy persons, but it is unwise to rouse any sleeper too suddenly, or to compel man, woman, or child to begin the business of the day before being throughly awake, even though the beginning of business should be so simple and salutary an act as that of plunging into a cold bath. Better brisk up soundly first and bathe afterwards.

PUSS IN BOOTS.—**This correspondent** desires to know what we consider the most admirable trait in man's character, and what also in woman's. Hereupon there shoot across our memory the words: "Thou desirest truth in the inward parts," that is, heart-truth. In man the most admirable characteristics are truth and courage; in woman, who is naturally more timid, and much more cautious, truth and purity. A man should have courage to be true, courage to endure, to hunt out his best way of making a mark and earning his bread; courage to resist sin, to dare to be good, strong, original, patient in sickness and cheerful in health; of free heart, and of noble subservience to God. A woman must be pure, full of respect for herself, reverence for her husband, her pastors, and the holy truths she reads; pure in her laughter, merriment, dancing, singing, and gaiety. The two sexes are decidedly different. "Men are made," says Jean Paul, "to be eternally shaken about; but women are flowers that live in the noise and tumult of life."

CARONUS.—**In lakes there are no sensible** tides; in small inland seas, such as the Baltic and the Mediterranean, there are scarcely any tides; at the most, only very slight elevations, for it has been an established fact that in those seas the tides are but small. In very high latitudes also, either north or south, the tides are inconsiderable. Lakes are generally so small, that when the moon is vertical, or nearly so, she attracts all parts of them alike; and the shores being so near, the tidal wave which will follow the moon is resisted by them. This remark applies partially to the Baltic and Mediterranean seas, which may be considered as large lakes; for, although the Mediterranean is pretty long, yet it is bounded on the east by land, and on the west by the Straits of Gibraltar, only four or five miles in width. Hence these inland seas have only very small elevations, because the inlets by which they communicate with the ocean are so narrow that they cannot, in the interval between two successive tides, receive or discharge water enough to sensibly raise or lower their surfaces.

ROSIE.—**Changes of atmosphere and temperature greatly affect musical instruments**—the piano included—because it is made of so many kinds of constituent parts. To preserve it observe the following rules:—place it a few inches from an inner wall standing on glass insulators, and should the floor be damp place a piece of linoleum under the carpet beneath it. Preserve it from draughts, have a fire in the room at least two days in the week if damp weather, but not near the instrument. Better to open the windows, even in summer, at the top. Damp makes the keys stick down and the strings rusty. Let no books nor ornaments be placed on the top. It should be tuned once a quarter. Owing to the extreme tension the strings naturally slacken and need to be equalised and kept up to any standard pitch. Be watchful against the attacks of moths, which are apt to get into the cloth inside, and in consequence of what they eat away, the keys drop below the level of their fellows. Mice also must be guarded against, as they often take up their abode inside and do much mischief. To prevent the keys turning yellow leave the key-board frequently open to let in both light and air.

NIGHT'S ENCHANTRESS.

BY H. P. H.

Thou sweepest through the heav'ns, yet movest not,
And gauze-like clouds float o'er thee to the West;
The Night arouses at thy sweet request,
And breathes a Summer sigh and is forgot.
Our ship lies motionless. The waters gleam
Like molten silver 'neath thy magic touch,
O rare enchantress, and the calm is such
As steals through Paradise while seraphs dream!
What, art thou not assured thou art fair
That thou must make a mirror of the sea?
Or is it thine own charms reflected there
That carry to thyself Love's ecstasy?
I know not: but thy beauty comes to me,
All tremulous, like a resistless prayer!

Who's the Woman?

BY S. SELOUS.

WHEN John Brown became tutor to young Harry Hastings, at a salary of eighty pounds a year (which he considered handsome), he never imagined that one day he would become a wealthy man.

The son of a poor artist who had left nothing but bad pictures and bad debts behind him, what could he expect but a life of penury, cheered by the enlivening prospect of ending it in the Thames or the workhouse?

With such gloomy anticipations as these, a tutorship at eighty pounds a year appeared a perfect mine of wealth to John Brown, and to prove his gratitude for it he devoted himself heart and soul to the sowing of classic and mathematical seed in his pupil's brain. Young Harry did not take kindly to anything his mentor taught him; his brain was like that wonderful hat of the conjuror's, which, though you may fill it to the brim with rings and watches, refuses to produce anything but rabbits.

The fine classical and mathematical crop that Brown had so carefully sown, the good solid wheat and barley, as you may say, could never be induced to grow, while tares and thistles, as Brown considered all tastes for such things as betting, racing and acting, flourished and grew apace, in spite of careful and persistent weeding.

And yet there was nothing particularly bad about the boy—he was a nice young fellow enough, and constant intercourse with an absolutely high-minded, truthful, honorable man (though a trifle dull withal), such as his tutor, insensibly strengthened all the latent good in him. Harry's parents had systematically neglected their son for the sake of society. He had always been snubbed by his father and kept out of sight by his mother, who did not care to own to the possession of a great hulking boy of seventeen; consequently all the love and hero worship that his nature was capable of feeling was bestowed upon kind, honest John Brown.

If John succeeded in nothing else he succeeded in implanting a wonderful amount of love and admiration for himself in his pupil's wayward heart.

Brown's tutorship extended over two years, then young Hastings flung off his mental leading strings, went off to Africa to shoot big game—and disappeared as completely from the elder man's life as though he had borrowed money of him.

And now a curious thing occurred—the one great stroke of luck of John Brown's quiet, plodding life.

An old maiden aunt died. She had always been considered miserably poor, but on her death it was found that she had managed to scrape together no less than two thousand pounds. This money she left to her nephew, John, and it formed the foundation stone on which he reared his large fortune.

It floated him into the Stock Exchange; it bought him a partnership; it gave him a fair start in life. After that his perfect integrity and good business head did the rest; his business flourished, his speculations succeeded, and, in the course of ten years, he found himself a wealthy man. Brown took a house in Mayfair; it was described as a "bijou residence," and rated as a diamond of the first water; but rents and rates were matters of indifference to the successful stock broker.

All he wanted now was a wife, and it did not take him long to find one. He fell deeply in love with the daughter of a friend on the Stock Exchange; she accepted him, and they were married in a few months.

Alice Benton, now Alice Brown, was a beautiful woman. She was tall and fair, and calmly classical—one of those happy beings that have their features and emotions well under control, and never looked either too hot or too cold.

Brown adored her, and she accepted his adoration in the same calm, matter-of-course way in which she had accepted himself. She was faultless in his eyes, a being to look up to and reverence, they were an extremely happy couple.

They had been married about two years, and John Brown was as much in love with his wife as ever; more than ever, perhaps, on this particular day on which our story opens, for she had been away from him for some weeks, and her absence was becoming intolerable. It was June, and things were so busy in the city that Brown was unable to leave London, but he had sent his wife down to the north, as it was unbearably hot in town. She was returning the next day, but as Brown walked slowly down the crowded street toward Pursell's, he wondered how he should get through all these long intervening hours.

A vigorous clap on the back and a hearty, "Hallo! old fellow; who would have thought to see you here?" effectually aroused him.

He started, and looked up into a handsome and strangely familiar face. It was Harry Hastings; though his fair skin was burnt almost black by tropical suns, and a heavy moustache shaded his lips; though there were lines on his face, and all the change there that twelve years of living entail, Brown recognized his former pupil.

"Harry, my dear boy! Where have you dropped from?"

The two men exchanged a hearty shake of the hand; they were genuinely glad to meet again.

"Where are you off to?" asked Harry, linking his arm through Brown's. "Pursell's I suppose—I see it's grub time. Come to my rooms and grub with me. I've got diggings in Holborn; come along."

The young man hailed a handsome and Brown got meekly in; he was busy, but business must give way when old friends turn up from the Antipodes. Hastings' rooms were luxuriously furnished; his cook a first class one, his wines extremely select, his cheroots of the finest brand.

"Come, light up, old fellow," said Harry, cigar in mouth; "you won't get tobacco like that every day." He threw himself back in his luxurious arm-chair, his hands plunged in his pockets, his feet tilted against the mantlepiece. "There's nothing like these cheroots for drowning care—deuce take the old brute! And now tell me what you've been doing all these years, Brown—fallen on your feet, eh? Made your pile?"

"Yes, I've made my pile—but I'm only an old fogy now, Harry, a respectable stockbroker, such as all novelists love to have a fling at—a perfectly uninteresting person. Let's hear your experience. Where have you wandered to since you gave up your affectionate tutor twelve years ago?"

"Oh, all over the shop—Africa, India, Australia, America—I've tried them all, and am tired of them all. I'm sick of African fevers and Indian tigers and American beauties, so I'm giving England a turn. England has panned out better just now, but—I wish to heaven I had never come here!" The last words broke from him with curious energy.

Brown sighed. How the young man had changed! What had become of the frank, happy boy who had enjoyed his life so thoroughly, and made such a fearful hash of the Latin verbs? Dead and gone—buried under the pitiless weight of twelve years of life.

"There's something troubling the boy," thought Brown, who still considered himself in the light of mentor to the young man.

Hastings was certainly ill at ease; his manner was restless; his eyes shifted uncomfortably before Brown's kind look.

John laid his hand gently on his arm. "Something's wrong, Harry, my lad—what is it?"

Harry started, and stirred uneasily under the other's touch. His brown cheeks turned crimson—he hung his head shamefacedly.

"Yes, something's wrong," he said, looking down confusedly at the Persian carpet. "I'm in a mess—when is a fellow ever out of a mess, I should like to know! I came a cropper over the Derby last month—always was fond of betting, you know, Brown—and—I'm down on my luck—all to pieces, don't you know."

He plunged his hands deeper into his trousers pockets. His half-smoked cheroot lay smouldering on the floor: Brown picked it up.

"You are trying to put me off, and making a mess of it, Harry, he said quietly. "You've got something on your mind, something more than a cropper over the Derby. I'm a man of the world, and you can't deceive me. Who's the woman?"

The young man started. "What the deuce is that to you?" he growled, then, recovering himself. "There's no woman—I wish you wouldn't startle a fellow with such deuced awkward questions. What woman should there be? I don't know why you should catechise me like this. Upon my word, Brown, if it were anyone but you, I should call it very impertinent."

Harry paced up and down the room like an angry young lion. Brown moved towards the door.

"I am sorry to have offended you, Harry. I—I wanted to be your friend, but as you take it in this spirit——" He paused, and came back a few steps. "I can't leave you like this, Harry, dear lad; you want a friend, let me help you."

Harry looked up into John Brown's kind, gentle face, and his anger melted. He took the other's extended hand and pressed it warmly.

"Sorry I was angry, old chap. You are right; your worldly wisdom surprises me. There is a woman. I'm in a deuce of a mess, and heaven knows how I shall get out of it. I—I can't tell you about it now—no time—I promised to meet Dickey Jones at the club. Come in next week, old fellow, and look me up."

* * * * * *

Harry Hastings looked up from his letters with a bright smile of welcome.

"Here you are at last, Brown; awfully glad to see you." He put away his unfinished letter with a curious look of confusion on his handsome face. "I—I was just writing to—to her, you know."

"And who is she? Who is the woman?"

"Ah! that's my secret—and hers," said the young man. "I have some sense of honor, you know, though I don't suppose you will think I can have much of that about me when I tell you I'm in love with a married woman. You are so much better than most fellows, you know, that I don't expect much pity from you, old man."

John Brown sighed.

"I am sorry for you, my lad, and for her. Does she love you?"

"She tells me so."

"How long has this been going on?"

Harry shifted restlessly in his chair.

"Oh, for years! I'll tell you all about it from the beginning. I met her out in India ages ago, when she was a lovely girl of seventeen, and I tumbled head over ears in love with her, and she with me; tells me now she has always loved me. If I had proposed to her at once it would have been all right, but—but it does seem a plunge for a fellow to bind himself for life when he's only one-and-twenty, and—and I funked it.

"I was a whole week making up my mind to propose, and before I had quite decided, I got knocked out of time by a tiger and landed for six months in a hospital. When I got on my feet again she had gone back to England, and I didn't follow her.

"Well, I never saw her again until a month or two ago, then, as ill luck would have it, I went down to see some friends in the country, and she was staying at a neighboring house.

"I met her out walking one day—of course I knew her at once; she was lovelier than ever—ripened, matured, and all that sort of thing, you know—and I felt I loved her as much as ever. I told her too, never guessing but that she was as single as I am, and then she blushed and sighed, and cried a little, and told me she was married. Of course I ought to have gone away at once, never seen her again, but she looked at me so sweetly, Brown, and admitted with so many tears that she didn't love her husband, that she wasn't happy, that—that deuce take me if I could tear myself away."

"Of course you couldn't," said Brown, grimly. "I suppose you expected her to be brave for you both, and point out your duty to you. Well, is she in London now?"

"Yes."

"And you see her often?"

"Nearly every day."

"And her husband—what does he think of this?"

"I have never seen him. She won't even tell me who or what he is—and I don't care—it's all the better. It's a bad business, Brown, and I wish to God I was out of it."

"Then go out of it, Harry; it's in your own hands. Leave England at once; it is your only chance."

The young man bent his head on his hands and groaned.

"I can't—I can't—I love her. And she is so lovely and unhappy! It would be brutal to leave her all alone with that husband of hers."

"Is he unkind to her!"

"Oh, she never says that—but, but she implies a good deal, don't you know. She never loved him, you see, though she has tried hard to do her duty. He is slow and dull, and uninteresting, and all that sort of thing; a regular old buffer, I suppose. Poor girl! she says her life would be miserable without me; how can I leave her?"

"Then where will this end? Oh, my boy, where are you drifting to?"

"The Divorce Court, I suppose," said Harry, recklessly. "Some day I imagine we shall make a bolt of it—and then——"

"And then you will realize what it is to ruin three lives. If you love this woman you will give her up."

"I do love her, but I won't give her up!" burst out Harry. "It's no use preaching, old man; I'm not good enough; I can't rise to the practice."

John Brown was silent a few moments thinking. He pitied the young man; what could he do to save him? A sudden thought struck him; Harry had never had a happy home. During his wandering existence he could have seen but little of domestic life; what could he know of the sacredness of the tie between husband and wife—that tie that he was doing his best to break?

Who could tell but that a glimpse into a happy home might arouse some of the latent good in him——

"Look here, Harry," said Brown abruptly. "I'm not going to preach—I see it's no use. Come home to dinner with me instead and see my wife—the very sight of a good woman and a happy wife is good for a man in your frame of mind. Come and talk to Alice—she is the best medicine I can recommend you."

Harry started.

"I didn't know you were married, Brown; 'pon my word I didn't. Happy man!"

John smiled, a smile of trust and happiness that lit up his rugged face into positive beauty.

"I am a happy man—thanks to Alice; when I think of my own good fortune in having such a wife it makes me very pitiful to you poor bachelors."

He took out his watch, a large gold timepiece, as absolutely reliable as himself.

"Half past six—we dine at seven. Come, Hastings, it doesn't take more than twenty minutes to get to Curzon Street—aristocratic neighborhood, isn't it? I daresay you've often driven past our home—Bijou House, and a gem of a place it is! If there are two things that I am proud of they are my wife and my home. You are not going to do any more writing, Harry? we shall only just be in time for dinner."

Harry was standing at his desk, busily arranging papers, and it was quite a perceptible time before he answered, without turning his head.

"Very sorry, but I really can't come to-night; I—I've an engagement. Some other time I shall be delighted to make—your wife's—acquaintance."

Brown was quite distrait that evening; his thoughts wandered to his old pupil with tiresome persistency. He barely noticed that Alice wore a new and bewitching tea gown; he did not see that though her eyes were fixed on her book she never turned a page.

Alice, too, was distrait, but presently she yawned and looked at her husband with a slightly unamiable expression on her calm fair face.

"What on earth are you thinking of, John? Do you know that you are a very dull companion this evening?"

John started out of his reverie.

"Am I dearest? I know I'm a dull old fellow. I was thinking of my old pupil, Harry Hastings. I've often talked to you about him, you know, and if you remember, I met him last week in the city——"

"I remember," said Alice, indifferently, picking up the book which had slipped from her hand. "Well, why 'poor' Harry Hastings? I thought he was a very rich young man."

"He is a very unhappy young man just now; he's got into an unfortunate entanglement with a married woman——"

"Really? Did he tell you so?"

"Yes—he told me; it appears he met her years ago in India."

"And who is the woman?"

"He refused to tell me, and he was right. Whoever she may be I pity her—and him."

He took his wife's pretty white hand in his and looked at her fondly.

"Ah, Alice, if there were more women like you the world would be a very different place."

She drew her hand quickly away, a sudden flash of color on her pale cheeks.

"Don't be foolish, John; you run my rings into me—we are not on our honeymoon."

Brown felt a trifle chilled.

* * * * * *

Some weeks passed, and Brown saw nothing more of young Hastings. He called at his rooms several times, but never found him in. He wrote and repeated his invitation to dinner, but Harry was deep in engagements and could not spare his friend an evening for weeks to come.

"Poor Harry," said John to his wife, "I am anxious for him. He's going to the bad rapidly—he knows it and he's ashamed to see me—poor unhappy boy!"

"I don't know that he needs your pity, John," said Alice, without raising her eyes from the toy terrier on her lap; "I daresay he is happier going to the bad in his own way than he would be if he led an absolutely virtuous and uneventful life."

"For awhile, perhaps; but for how long?"

Alice shrugged her shoulders.

"What does Tennyson say? 'Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay!' Anything is better than dullness."

John looked at his wife a little anxiously; there was an unusual ring in her voice, a touch of bitterness that jarred upon him.

"My dear, are you a trifle dull?" he asked anxiously. "Perhaps it is a little slow for you to be all day alone here, while I am away in the city; I wonder what I can do to make your life a little pleasanter. Let me see, business is slack just now; what do you say to a week at Paris?"

Alice looked up at him quickly, it was a hot day, and the heat had made her unusually pale.

"You are very good, John—but I don't care for Paris. I am quite happy—as I am; I am not in the least dull."

She smiled at him, and that smile completely dispelled any vague anxiety he had begun to entertain on his wife's account. But his anxiety for Harry was not so easily dissipated.

The young man possessed an extraordinary power of winning affection, and he had won his old tutor's heart completely. He took as much interest in him as though he were a younger brother, and Brown determined he would make one more effort to save him.

That evening he had promised to dine at his club with an old friend who had returned unexpectedly from India. Under ordinary circumstances, Brown would have gone on after dinner to the theatre and not have returned until late, but, tonight, he hurried away from the club soon after eight, and reached Harry's lodgings before nine. Colonel Holt had grumbled a little, but an irresistible impulse drove John towards his friend.

"Mr. Hastings is out, sir," said the servant.

"Then I'll go up and wait till he comes in."

Brown had seen a light in Harry's window, and convinced that the man was lying, according to orders, pushed his way past him and went quickly upstairs. He opened the door gently.

The room was in confusion; the table was strewn with papers; on the floor lay a portmanteau, strapped and labeled. Harry was sitting at his desk, busily writing. He started up with an exclamation as John entered, his cheeks turning from red to white and from white to red again.

"Brown, you here! I thought——" He broke off with a gasp, staring at John with as horror stricken a face as though he had been a ghost.

Brown glanced quickly from the young man's pale changing face to the portmanteau, and from the portmanteau to the scattered papers on the table and floor.

"So you've made the last plunge, Harry. You're going, to-night, with her."

Harry had recovered himself a trifle. He plunged his hands into his pockets, looking doggedly down at his pointed boots.

"Yes, I'm going, to night, with her."

"And where to?"

"Paris."

Brown spurned the portmanteau with his foot.

"To Paris—and where else? to the bad, Harry! To ruin, to disgrace, to shame; and you are dragging her with you."

"I know it, but it's too late now to think of that."

"It is not too late. Have yourself; save her."

"She doesn't want to be saved. She loves me, I tell you."

"Now, perhaps. But how long will that love last when she realizes what she is? and what you are. How can she love you when she remembers that you have betrayed another man; that you have ruined his life, made his home desolate? And you. Can you love a woman capable of such baseness? Love founded on ingratitude and crime cannot last. And when love has gone, what have you left? You cannot honor or respect one another; each must feel how vile the other is. What will become of you? Oh! Harry, my dear boy, for God's sake think before you face such a future!"

Harry turned fiercely away.

"I have thought of it all. I've thought till I'm nearly mad. I know my future; it's a bad future, and I deserve it. Why did you come here, Brown? I never meant to see you again. I don't deserve your pity or interest. I don't deserve it, I tell you. For heaven's sake go. You don't know. You are driving me mad; you are torturing me."

Great drops stood out upon the young man's forehead; his face was livid.

"If I had only met you three months ago, before I saw her, I should have been saved. If I had only met your wife. Look here, Brown, don't forget this; I never knew you were married, until—until it was too late. You—won't forget that, will you?"

Harry spoke wildly, almost incoherently, and Brown looked at him, puzzled; he was an unimaginative man.

"I don't know what you mean, Harry. What has my marriage to do with—with this?" and he kicked the portmanteau again.

Hastings flung himself into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

"Why don't you go? Why don't you go?" he cried, his voice coming out in muffled gasps. "I tell you I'm a brute—a beast; you'll be sorry some day you ever spoke to me. And yet I have struggled—I have, indeed—but the temptation's too strong for me. Go away, Brown; go!"

He looked up and met the older man's kindly, pitying gaze, and started up with a cry.

"Don't look at me like that! You torture me! I tell you I'm in hell!"

Brown puts strong hand on each of the young man's shoulders and pushed him back into his chair

"I am not going yet."

"It's no use talking——"

"But I mean to talk. Look here, Harry, have you ever thought of this unhappy woman's husband?"

"I told you I had never met him."

"Think of the wrong you are about to do him. He has never injured you, and you are going to blast his whole life. Harry, I am a married man; I know what it is to have a happy home and a dear wife. Alice and I love each other, we live for each other, we honor one another—we are happy. It—it seems almost a sacrilege to imagine such a thing possible of—of Alice, but just let us try and imagine for a moment that—that she, my wife, learnt to love another man—some handsome young fellow like yourself—and—and that one night I returned to find her—gone."

"Well," said Hastings hoarsely, "what would you do?"

"I should shoot myself," said Brown simply.

Harry's eyes met his; for a moment they looked at one another in silence.

"If this other man loves his wife as I love mine, he will do as I should do. Harry, dear lad, would you have his blood upon your head? Oh, my boy, save yourself this crime!"

There was a long silence. Harry shrunk back into his chair trembling. Brown watched him anxiously. The ticking of the clock was loudly perceptible in the quiet room.

At last Harry rose unsteadily to his feet; his face looked drawn and sunken, there were tears in his eyes.

"You have won the day, old man," he said in a curiously toneless voice; "I'll go back to Africa."

"Thank God!" said John Brown.

Harry went to his desk, scribbled a few hasty lines, directed an envelope, then rang for the servant and gave the note to him.

"Deliver this at once," he said. Take a cab and drive fast." The man went off with a bewildered look.

"There's a train for Southampton at six o'clock in the morning, Brown. I shall take that—my things are all packed—I'm quite ready. Are you going home now?"

"Yes."

"Don't go yet. Wait here while I write a few letters. I—I like to have you here."

John took a chair in silence, and for more than an hour no sound was heard in the room but the aggressive ticking of the clock and the scratching of Hastings' pen.

The clock struck eleven, and Harry laid down his pen.

"You can go now. Good-bye. I shall never see you again. Good-bye."

John grasped the young man's hand in both his own.

"Good-bye, dear lad, and God bless you."

Harry dropped his head down upon the table with something like a sob, and John went slowly to the door. A piece of crumpled paper lying at his feet attracted his attention. He picked it up mechanically—it was a letter in a woman's hand. He was about to throw it way, but a second glance at the hand writing caused him to put it quickly in his pocket.

He closed the door behind him and went out into the street, walked rapidly along for some moments, then stopped under a gas lamp and read the letter through. It was very short.

"DEAREST,—I shall be ready this evening at ten o'clock. Come for me; my husband will be out till late, so it is quite safe. Oh, how slowly the hours go until I see you again! How can I have lived all these years without you?"

That was all—the letter was unfinished and unsigned.

* * * * * *

It was nearly two o'clock in the morning when John Brown reached his home. There were lights in the drawing-room; he went in. Alice was sitting up for him; she was seated in a luxuriously-cushioned arm chair, her fair hair falling loose upon her shoulders, her head bent over her book. She wore a loose gown of some white material, her cheeks and lips were white too, she had a very ghost-like look, seen in the dim light of the shaded lamp.

She glanced up quickly as her husband entered; her face looked drawn and hard, the blue had gone out of her eyes, leaving them pale and dull.

"How late you are, John."

"Yes, I have spent a very painful evening."

"Really? How?"

"I went to Harry's rooms. I found that entanglement I told you of had come to a crisis——"

"Well?" as he paused.

"Well; to make a long story short, I prevailed on him to give up this unhappy woman and go to Africa instead."

"She will thank you, I am sure," said Alice in a low, hard voice.

"I think she will—some day."

Brown leant against the mantelpiece opposite his wife; it had been a hard evening for him; he looked suddenly old, his kind face was very sad, his white lips dry and tremulous.

Alice moved restlessly in her comfortable chair, then leaned forward and looked hard at him. Her eyes had a curious expression, half-reckless, half-despairing; her hands clutched the arms of the chair with a grasp that hurt her delicate fingers.

"Well, John, have you nothing more to tell me?" she asked in a voice whose studied lightness overlaid a terrible suspense. "Nothing really interesting? Did you actually let Harry Hastings go off without telling you who she is? Come now, who is the woman?"

John Brown made no answer, but he looked at his wife, and she read in his eyes that he knew.

Mopsy.

BY G. L. B.

"TED, Ted! Oh, what a sleepy head. I'll wager he's snoring to his heart's content somewhere."

Castlebar, a spacious, modern detached house, stood, one of some other detached houses, within a hundred feet of the sea; that hundred feet being its grounds, separated by a stone coping wall from the shore, on to which a private door opened. The grounds were well wooded, for in that genial air the simple flowers of the earth flourished close to the flowers of the sea. With one hand you might gather blackberries, with the other entrap a medusa, the pulmo marinus of the ancients, among the seaweed.

Down the long path, across the lawns, on this bright August morning, came flying a rather long-legged girl, attired in one of those shapeless frilled dresses resembling all-round pinafores. Her face was well-looking, but sharply outlined, with a keen shrewd expression. Her color was like the rose, while her hair, mediumly short, was so rebellious that it had won for her among her many other sobriquets, the name of Mopsy. Her arms moving in windmill fashion, she flew along until she entered the shade of a group of trees, when she came to a halt before a youth of nineteen, slumbering peacefully in an Indian grass hammock.

"I knew it—I knew it! Oh, the lazy pig!" exclaimed Mopsy, mezzo voice. "As if we get a summer like this every year, that we should lose it in sleep. I'll surprise him."

Seeking a sharp thorn from a neighboring thorn tree, she applied it to her brother's foot, dangling over the side of the hammock, minus its slipper, and retired. It had the desired effect, he awoke with a howl.

"It's you, is it?" he ejaculated, starting up. "What a pantomimic fiend you are, Mopsy."

"Yes, I's me," rejoined Mopsy, heedless of grammar, performing a dance suitable to his designation of her. "I have been calling you ever so long, but you were snoring so loud that even the sea was frightened to come in. I wanted to tell you cousin Ida is coming—coming from France."

"Well," grumbled Ted, not quite mollified, "I suppose she is not already bounding through the front door like an acrobat, is she?"

"Can't say. She may be," answered Mopsy, gravely. "She was, it stated in the letter dad's got from nunky, to follow sharp.

"Whatever is there in all that to make you bother a fellow like this?"

"This," and Mopsy, dropping her voice, leaned melodramatically forward. "Ted, there's a mystery about it."

"Mystery?"

"Yes. I'll tell you. Dad began to read out nunky's letter, as he always does, and it was something like this:

"DEAR CHARLIE,

"'Following sharp upon this letter, you will, no doubt, be surprised to see my daughter Ida. A most unpleasant affair has occurred here. You and your wife need not let it go further but——'

"Here dad paused, read on a little to himself, gave a glance at mamma, and said no more. I wasn't to hear, that was certain, so off I came to tell you."

"What good is that?"

"Why, because we must find out what it is," said Mopsy, springing lightly on to low bough of a tree. "What did your tutor say the other afternoon? It's no good troubling about what we know; it's what we don't know which we should discover."

But Mopsy was doomed to failure. When they went within doors all was as usual. Dad and their mother smiling and unconcerned; simply announcing that their cousin was coming to stay with them awhile.

Late the next evening, Ida Bellingham arrived. A girl of about twenty, with lovely dark eyes, small firmly set red lips, and rich semi-Indian complexion.

But Mopsy saw those red lips were very firm just now. The small head proudly erect, and a resolute, yet sad, look in the wonderful eyes.

"The mystery," she thought, "I must find it out."

Had she been older, her heart evolving into flower, would have told her without trouble.

There was a private talk between Ida and her uncle and aunt in the drawing-room, all of which that Mopsy heard—could she have been listening—was:

"It is no good. It is unjust. Nothing will change me."

Ida being fatigued with her long journey, retired early. Placing her light on the table, she paced the room once or twice, her lips compressed. Then she sat down, leaned forward, her face on her hands, and gave one or two quick sobs.

"What's the matter? Can't I help you?"

Startled, she looked up to perceive, perched on the foot of the brass bedstead, a long-legged girl, with a keen, but sympathetic face.

"Oh, Mopsy!" she began, then the childish, whimsical look of the would-be confidante, struck her, and she exclaimed, "It's nothing. You are but a child. You would not understand. Good night. I thought I'd locked the door."

"Which means you don't want me," said Mopsy, skipping down. "Couldn't I understand, and who knows but that I could help you, too? So you see, I'll not

ask you again. You'll just tell me of your own accord."

With three bounds she reached the door, turned, nodded, exclaimed, "Oh, you silly," and was gone.

Ida Bellingham had been at Castlebar for a week, in which time Mopsy had made the discovery, that she was never allowed to go out beyond the grounds alone.

That all letters were taken to her father before they were delivered to those whom they were addressed, and that Ida's lips got tighter and firmer set every day.

Beyond the houses, of which Castlebar was one, extended a tangle of bramble bush and oak trees.

Now, as everybody knows, there is a mania for blackberries during the season, and Mopsy was not superior to her kind. One afternoon she was busy at work, taking care, however, to examine each, for certain tiny worms are addicted to the fruit even as youthful human bipeds, when she became aware that she was not alone. A young gentleman, of about five-and twenty, very good looking, and very well dressed, was regarding her attentively.

Finding himself observed, raising his hat, he approached, saying:

"I beg your pardon, but am I not addressing Miss Hemsley?"

"That is my name," replied Mopsy.

"Then I found this," proceeded the stranger, holding out a small fancy bag, with monogram, "and have been informed that a lady, owning the initials, 'I. B.' is residing at your house. Might I trouble you to restore it to her?"

Mopsy never had removed her eyes from his face. Now gravely she took the bag, examined it, opened it, felt it, then unceremoniously tossed it back.

"Take it," she remarked scornfully. "It's mean. You're what Ted would call a mean man."

"I—I beg your pardon," stammered the gentleman, coloring to the roots of his hair. "I—I do not understand——"

"Why," said Mopsy, "there's a letter in the lining of that bag which you want to get to cousin Ida, without dad seeing, and want to deceive me into giving it."

The gentleman stared, surprised, then:

"It is true," he exclaimed, after a quick perusal of Mopsy's features. "Forgive me! Oh, if you only knew, if you only did, Miss Hemsley, how I have been trying to get this letter to her, you would feel pity."

"I might have done, if you had asked me straight out, and honorably," remarked Mopsy, indignantly; "but to endeavor to take me in—it's too mean,"

"I apologize most humbly. If, I repeat, you only knew——"

"Then why don't you tell me?' cooly said Mopsy.

He looked at her attentively, studying the shrewd face, then ejaculated:

"By Jove, I will. We have been most unjustly treated ——"

"When I hear, I shall be able to judge," put in Mopsy. "You sit there, I'll sit here. Now begin."

"All right. Here goes, right or wrong," the last sotto voice. "You must know, Miss Hemsley, that a little while ago I met your cousin Ida, and fell deeply in love with her. She returned my passion. We were engaged, both our families giving consent."

"Oh, they did consent?" queried Mopsy.

"Readily. My father is a widower. On my marriage he was to settle an income upon me, and I was his sole heir at his death. Well, nothing could run more smoothly, when my father falls under the fascinations of a designing young widow, and he announces that they are to be married directly her full period of widowhood has expired."

"Hasn't he a right to?" queried Mopsy.

"Decidedly. I don't object; but he must make settlements on his second wife, of course, for which more than half of my income must suffer. He may, besides, have other children who will share his money; so as I am no longer rich, your uncle and aunt have turned me out of their house, and sent Ida over here that we may not meet."

"Why, that's meaner than you were?" cried Mopsy. "It wipes yours off the slate. Hand over the letter, I'll give it."

"Heaven bless you!" exclaimed the gentleman, grasping her hand. "I knew you would sympathize with us, help us. If you could only tell us what to do?"

"Elope!" suggested Mopsy, straight.

"That's impossible! Ida is too closely watched."

"That's true. She shall have the letter, at any rate."

A short time after, as Ida sat alone in her room, brooding over her wrongs, Mopsy entering, and closing the door, said, holding up the letter:

"Coz, what will you give for this?"

"What is it, Mops?" with indifference.

Mopsy, holding it tight in both hands, showed the writing. Ida sprang up with a cry, snatching at it.

"Oh, Mops! from whom did you get it?"

"From one who has the wisdom to trust me," answered Mopsy. "There," tossing it over, "who said I couldn't help you?"

First Ida devoured the letter, then eagerly inquired how her cousin had got it.

"Oh, you dear, darling Mopsy!" she exclaimed.

"Ah! you see I can do more than you thought," said Mopsy, "Well, I've made up my mind you two shall marry."

"But how?"

"Well—it only wants——"

"What?"

"Time and patience."

How many letters Mopsy acted as perambulating post-box for it is best not to say, when one morning she danced into the room where Ida was with Mrs. Hemsley, and said:

"Coz! it's such a lovely morning, you must come and bathe. You haven't once yet."

"Be careful, my dear, if you do. You're not used to it, and the tide's rather rough this morning."

"No fear, I'll take care of her. I can swim a bit. Come on."

Soon the two were in the water. Sea nymphs in the last new fashion bathing-costumes. Mopsy's laughter rang out as the bird's song, now and again Ida's more matured and mellow music joining in.

"Mops is the best physician," smiled to himself Mr. Hemsley, strolling through the grounds. "That poor girl will get over her trouble. It is, however, a shame of Bellingham to have parted them for money. Money is not everything in marriage. What's that?"

A piercing scream from the water, swiftly followed by the words, in Mopsy's shrill tones:

"Help—help! Ida—Ida!"

Mr. Bellingham rushed towards the spot to meet Mopsy flying along in her bathing dress, wild with terror.

"Ida!" she gasped. "Help—Ida, she's carried out by the tide—drowning! Come."

"Great Heavens, the boat—the boat!" he cried, running on with her.

"It's—it's not there, dad. Ted's got it. Oh," wringing her hands, "make haste!"

Soon they were out on the little wooden platform, looking over the waters. Not a sign, no, not a sign.

"Yes—yes!" cried Mopsy. "See!" pointing out. "There!"

An arm was tossed out of the water as if imploring help. Once, twice, thrice, then it disappeared.

"Oh, this is awful!" ejaculated Mr. Hemsley.

"I'll go—I must! I can swim a little," said Mopsy.

"You'll do no such thing!" exclaimed her father, seizing her. "I'll not lose you too."

While they struggled, others of the household, attracted by the cries, came running down, soon overmastering Mopsy, but, strain their eyes as all did, there was no further sign of Ida.

"How am I to tell her father and mother?" groaned Mr. Hemsley.

"They deserve it. Yes they do, dad," cried Mopsy, with a big sob, "and a great deal more."

However it was done, it had to be done. A telegram came back by return:

"Great Heaven! Our darling! We follow this by first train from Paris."

On the second day the Bellinghams arrived. Their grief was great, but it was assuaged by their quarreling among themselves, and now with the Hemsleys.

"It is all Mark's fault," sobbed Mrs. Bellingham. "Why couldn't he let her marry the man she loved?"

"What's the good of saying that now, Jane?" exclaimed her husband, a florid man of the pompous order of human architecture. "Do you imagine if I had known what was going to happen, I'd have let her go from our care?"

"It's all your fault, Hemsley. Why did you let her go into that confounded sea?"

"Do you think I should have let her. If I had known what was to happen?" retorted his brother-in-law. "How could I tell the fuss would carry her beyond her depth?"

"Beyond her depth!" ejaculated Mr. Bellingham, hotly. "Why she could swim like a fish. She took all the best prizes at the Mermaid Club."

"Well, if she could swim," said his brother-in-law, with a catch in his breath, "it must have been the cramp that took her; for, poor child, I saw her go down myself."

"And not even her body recovered. We can't even give her a funeral! It's—it's too bad!"

"It's awful!' sobbed Mrs. Bellingham.

The other members of the family sat speechless. What had they to say? On a stool was Mopsy, sitting a little apart. She seemed no longer the same Mopsy; pale, silent, scared, Even her rebellious hair hung limp, her hands were tightly locked round her knees.

"Fancy," broke out Mr. Bellingham again, "to live in such a confounded place as this without a boat!"

"I don't see the necessity for one," again retorted Mr. Hemsley, "but it so happens we have a boat."

"Where, then, in Heaven's name, was it?"

"Mops had got me to row into R—— for something Ida wanted," put in Ted.

"Then, miss!" ejaculated her uncle, irately, "it's your fault!"

"Yes," replied Mopsy, meekly, not at all like the ordinary Mopsy; "it's my fault. All my fault. It was I who persuaded her to go. I—I never thought it would be so terrible as this. Oh, aunt!" moving to Mrs. Bellingham's side, "if you could bring Ida back, wouldn't you let her marry Fred Rodney at once?"

"Child! I should be only too delighted to let her do anything she pleased, if only I had her back."

"Marry Fred Rodney," added her husband, "a fine young fellow? Of course she might, for the widow has cut his father after all, and married a German Baron."

A shout. It was from Mopsy, who began to caper more like a pantomimic fiend than ever.

"Please don't grieve any more!" she exclaimed. "She is not drowned at all—not a bit. It was an elopement, and she was married to Fred Rodney this morning by special licence. Don't blame her—blame me. It's all my fault. Didn't I own it? I planned it—that she should pretend to drown, which would give her time to escape, and I thought, in your sorrow, you would forgive her, as you did. I didn't think, though, it would have been so bad. I repeat, don't blame Ida. She never would have consented, but Fred and I made her. Ah, here they are—the bride and bridegroom. Here they are."

What need to describe the scene that ensued? Mopsy got it rather sharply. But it was her health that was drank at dinner after Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rodney's.

WRINKLES THAT ARE PREMATURE.—Many ladies in the prime of life are much distressed by the untimely appearance of wrinkles about their mouths and eyes, the latter being finer and usually less conspicuous than those around the mouth.

The causes, too, of these disfigurements are entirely different. Melancholy, trouble, and ungracious disposition and the fret and wear of a busy or contentious life tend to crease the flexible cheeks, but do not affect the eyes.

These, it is said, suffer mainly by reason of the little care bestowed on them by their owners. The latter rush into extremes of light and darkness so many times a day that the strain inevitably causes the eyes to shrink, a sure chance for wrinkles.

They wear hats that rarely shade, and they read by the last glimmer of daylight. But the two chief causes are the wearing of cross-barred and dotted veils, and the dwelling in dark apartments, where the eyes are strained in the pursuit of ordinary work.

In order to effect a cure, the first thing to adopt is perfect repose in talking. The next step is to wear plain veils, and when reading or writing in a hurry never to consider it too troublesome to lift the black film away from the eyes. Sudden transitions from one degree of light to another should also be avoided. By these means, together with continued massage performed by two fingers on the lids and brows, wrinkles can both be prevented from coming and removed when they have made their unwelcome appearance.

WHEN we get old, our friends find it very difficult to please us, and are little concerned whether we are pleased or not.

Nothing in bath or laundry so good as Borax. Dentonol Floating Borax Soap means that you float to prosperity. Once using no proper floating soap, no one can ever tread a million buying ours. Your grocer has it.

At Home and Abroad.

Professor Raoul Pictet, of Berlin, has set up in that city a Kaltekliniik or cold cure, for the "frigotherapeutic" treatment of diseases. He says he cured himself of dyspepsia by boxing himself up in a refrigerator. When he came out he was very hungry, and doubtless, also very cold. One thing can be said in favor of this method of curing disease; the very poorest families will be able to make use of it during the coming winter without going to the expense of visiting Dr. Pictet's Kaltekliniik.

That wooden ships are not entirely out of the race in the carrying trade, and must still be reckoned with in the matter of sailing qualities, is shown by the recent victory of the American ship Manuel Llaguno, which came into port recently with 2730 tons of sugar stowed under her hatches, having made the voyage from Honolulu in 102 days. The metal ships Troop, Helen Brower and Tillie E Starbuck sailed from the same port on the same voyage about the same time, and were all badly beaten by the Llaguno, the metal ships requiring 140, 117 and 116 days respectively, to make the trip. The Llaguno is considerably the oldest of the four.

It has been asked if it is not practicable for a person to carry enough stored electricity and use it for the purpose of heating the body by means of a system of electric heating apparatus placed under the clothing. We presume it is. A few 200 ampere-hour cells scattered among the pockets, connected in series, ought to do the business. They would probably weigh 500 pounds or more, and to this must be added the weight of heat apparatus. The latter need not necessarily be in the form of a street-car heater; it could be spread out on a flat surface. It would not look well, for instance, to carry a box-shaped heater across the stomach. Care must be taken to prevent short circuiting, which might result in rousting to death.

A number of friends of the African elephant in Berlin have banded themselves into a society for his defense. The fact that between fifty and sixty thousand elephants are killed annually in Africa has moved them to do all that in them lies to prevent the animal's total extinction. The society does not mean to leave the elephant undisturbed in the enjoyment of his natural freedom, nor are its motives purely humanitarian. At present the commercial value of the elephant is about a million sterling a year. If, instead of being killed for his ivory, he were employed for transport purposes, they argue that his value would be increased tenfold in a country like Africa. Part of the society's programme is to induce the Government to discourage ivory-hunting and to encourage elephant taming in the German Cameroons.

A Washington paper says that when Monsignor Capel was in Washington, a few years ago, the lady who was entertaining him at dinner asked her distinguished guest what had impressed him most in this country. "The extraordinary precocity of your children, madam," was the reply, and upon being asked the reason, he told the following experiences: "When in Baltimore a few days since I went with the Archbishop to call upon Mrs. W. During our visit her beautiful little boy of 4 years ran into the drawing-room, and after presenting him to me, Mrs. W. said: 'Carroll, go an I say good morning to the Archbishop.' Fancy my amazement when the child turned, and with an indescribable air of bonhommie, said, with a friendly nod, 'How are you, Arch?' Truly, American children are remarkable."

Wise men mingle innocent mirth with their cares, as a hope either to forget or overcome them; but to resort to intoxication for the ease I one's mind, is to cure melancholy with madness.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Our Young Folks.

PAID OUT.

BY O. L. T.

"NASTY, mean little creature!" said Maud Fenton to her chum, Flora Green; "I believe she cheated. Oh, there she is!"

A small girl came out of the school-gate at that moment, and instantly Maud made a rush at her, caught her by the arm, swung her round, pulled her hair, and boxed her ears.

"Come on, Maudie!" screamed Flora. "Here's Nellie."

Maud gave Gertie Moseley's arm a final tweak.

"Cry-baby, tell if you dare!" she said, and darted away as her victim's sister came flying to the rescue with her two friends, Ethel Browne and Sallie Spence.

"What was Maud Fenton knocking you about for?" demanded Nellie.

"I don't know, unless it was because I got fewer mistakes in my dictation this morning than she did, and she was wild because I'm the littlest in the class and she's the biggest," sobbed poor Gertie.

"Of course that's it. Ethel, Sallie, come round after tea and we'll hold an indignation meeting over this, down the lane."

Nellie was fond of holding what she called "indignation meetings" over her grievances. As a rule, these meetings were composed only of herself, sister, and two friends, the energetic little woman being the president and chief speaker upon all occasions.

Ethel and Sallie lived in the opposite direction from the Moseleys, but not far from each other. They hurried home, scrambled through their tea, and returned together to the place of meeting, where they found Nellie and Gertie waiting for them.

After greeting one another as warmly as though they had been parted for days, the quartette twined their arms lovingly round each other's necks and waists, and set off slowly down the lane.

"What shall you do, Nellie?" asked Ethel, by way of commencing the proceedings.

"I don't know yet. Can't any of you think of something?" was Nellie's response.

"Set your brother's dog on to that cat she is so fond of," suggested Ethel.

Nellie shook her head decidedly.

"No, that would be dreadfully mean. It would be punishing the poor little puss, not Maud. Besides, Dash always kills all the cats he can get at, so we don't encourage him to chase them."

"Maud's awfully proud of her tidy desk. Let's mix all her books up into a mess and pepper them well. I'll bring my pepper-pot with me to-morrow," said Sallie, who had a genius for mischief.

"That won't do, either," was Nellie's decision. "To begin with, it is horrid, and I don't want to be like Maud herself. Besides, you have done that before, and Maud would go and tell Miss Briggs, and you would get bad marks and be kept in."

This silenced Sallie, who drew back abashed, and rather inclined to be huffy at her suggestion being called "horrid." Privately, she thought it was rather clever.

The little maids racked their brains in vain for some new and delightful method of torture. Wild schemes were proposed, discussed, rejected, and they became almost despairing as time went by and no brilliant idea seemed to strike any one of them.

Only Gertie took no part in the discussion but walked beside her sister, sniffing occasionally in self-pity and rubbing her ear as if it still tingled from the treatment it had received. Suddenly she looked up and spoke.

"Maud cheats, herself—that is why she was so quick to call me a cheat."

"How do you know?" questioned Nellie breathlessly.

"Well, you see she and Flora Green sit just in front of Maggie Jones and me, and we've seen them copying things off little bits of paper, which Maud hides under her desk. Flora copies, too, but it's always Maud who has the papers. She brings them to school inside her books. It is mostly in history she cheats, because I don't think she can remember dates. Of course, neither Maggie nor I could tell, because then they would say we were——"

"When is your next history day?" interrupted Nellie. "To-morrow, isn't it?"

Gertie nodded, wondering.

"Then I have it. Listen to me, girls, while I tell you what we will do."

She stood still in the middle of the road and the others gathered round, eager and excited. The plan Nellie proceeded to unfold met with the entire approval of her confederates, and the little conspirators separated, laughing over the unconscious Maud's coming discomfiture.

Next morning as the object of this plot was trudging slowly to school by herself, she was suddenly confronted, on turning a corner, by our four friends. Without speaking a word, Ethel went to one side of her and Nellie to the other, while Sallie and Gertie ran round and closed in on her at the back.

"What is this for?" asked Maud fiercely.

But they did not answer, nor apparently take any notice of her. She tried to escape them by running, but the four ran, too, and easily kept up with her. Their silence and curious behavior unnerved the girl, and she began to cry a little.

In a moment one of her guards—which she could not tell—twitched her bag of books out of her hand into the dust of the road, where its contents flew pell-mell in every direction. Maud stormed and wept, but her tormentors, paying no heed to her, quietly proceeded to gather up the scattered books.

They replaced them in the bag, laid it at the owner's feet and ran off, leaving Maud amazed and chuckling at the utter stupidity of their notions of "paying her out."

After the history lesson, the teacher, Miss Briggs, always set her class a paper of questions on their previous night's homework.

Not until this dreadful moment arrived did Maud discover that the notes she had as usual prepared, and on which she and Flora relied, were missing.

Trusting to them, neither girl had learned her lesson properly, and consequently the answers each wrote to the questions were hopelessly meager and incorrect.

Great were their dismay and terror, and they quaked in their shoes and turned pale, when Miss Briggs, in handing back the papers, paused and looked at them with a dire frown.

"Maud and Flora," said she sternly, "I don't understand the meaning of this. Your papers are disgraceful. Neither of you seems to have made the least attempt to learn your lesson. How is it? Were you learning together last night and playing, instead of studying?"

They hung their hands and blushed.

"You are both so good as a rule," went on Miss Briggs in a worried tone. "And to-day you are both equally bad. It is quite incomprehensible to me. I hope you do not assist one another?"

The guilty pair dropped their faces still lower and stole scared looks at each other. "In any case, you must henceforth not sit together, and you will stay in to-day until this lesson is perfectly mastered. I am exceedingly angry with you both."

With one accord the two girls, at this, broke down and cried bitterly. But Maud, over and above her grief at being in disgrace, was in an agony of uncertainty as to the fate of her scrap of paper.

Was it lying in the road where those "horrid Moseleys" had tumbled her books? Had she dropped it in school? Could Miss Briggs or any other teacher have picked it up? Thus agitated and distracted she became more than usually inattentive and stupid as the hours passed.

Black marks and scoldings were her portion for the day, and finally she went home, weeping and miserable, still in the dark as regards the whereabouts of her lost notes.

Nellie left her in doubt until next morning. Then, before Miss Briggs came in to begin lessons for the day, she walked into the class-room. Maud was sitting beside Gertie, and pinching her. Up marched Nellie promptly, and said, in tones loud enough for many of the girls round to hear:

"Stop that, Maud Fenton. I have those history notes you made." At this Maud made a wild dash at her, but Nellie dodged and went on louder still. "Yes, I have them, and I shall keep them. If you lay a finger on my sister again, or she catches you cheating, I shall pin them on to the blackboard, where Miss Briggs and everybody will see them. They all know your handwriting." After that, Gertie was left in peace.

SIAMESE AMAZONS.—The army of the King of Siam contains a corps which particularly attracts the attention of strangers; this is the battalion of the King's Guard, composed of women.

This battalion consists of 400 women, chosen among the handsomest and most robust girls in the country. They receive excellent pay, and their discipline is perfect. They are admitted to serve at the age of thirteen, and are placed in the army of reserve at twenty five.

From that period they no longer serve about the King's person, but are employed to guard the Royal palaces and the Crown lands. On entering the army they make a vow of chastity, for which there is no exemption unless any of them should attract the King's attention and be admitted among his legitimate wives.

The King's choice seldom falls on the most beautiful, but on the most skilled in military exercises. The hope of such a reward animates them with extraordinary zeal for military instruction, and Europeans are astonished at the martial appearance of that battalion, as well as its skill in manœuvring and its excellent discipline.

The costume these women wear is very rich. Their full dress is composed of a white woolen robe, embroidered with gold. The cloth is extremely fine, and descends as far as the knee; it is covered with a light coat of mail and a gilt cuirass. The arms are free, and the head is covered with a gilt casque.

When wearing this dress on state occasions their only weapon is a lance, which they handle with wonderful dexterity. With their undress they are armed with a musket.

The battalion is composed of four companies, and each company of 100 women, commanded by a captain of their sex. Should the captain die, the company is drilled during three days by the King, who appoints the most competent to succeed to the command.

The battalion has been commanded for the last five years by a woman who saved the King's life at a tiger hunt by her courage and skill. She possesses great influence at court, and is much respected by those under her command. She has the same establishment as a member of the royal family, and ten elephants are placed at her service.

The King never undertakes any expedition without being accompanied by his female guard, nor does he even hunt, or even ride out, without an escort of the same guard who are devotedly attached to his person.

Each individual of the battalion has five negresses attached to her service; and having thus no domestic occupation, she can devote herself exclusively to the duties of her profession.

There is a parade ground near the city, where one company is stationed for two days every week to exercise themselves in the use of the lance, the pistol, the musket and the rifle.

The King attends once a month at those exercises, accompanied by his brother, who shares in some degree the sovereign power, and distributes prizes to those most deserving. Those rewards consist of bracelets, or other valuable jewelry, to which the females and their families attach great importance. Those so honored fill the offices of sergeant and corporal.

Punishment is very rare in this corps, and when it is inflicted it consists of a suspension from service of a period not exceeding three months.

But duels are much more frequent. They must be sanctioned, however, by the female captain, and be fought with swords, in presence of the entire company. When the death of one of the parties ensues, the deceased receives a magnificent funeral, and the high priest pronounces a panegyric, declaring that the deceased, by her valor, has merited eternal rest in the abode of the blessed. The survivor receives the congratulations of her companions; but, as a measure of discipline, she is sentenced to pass two months away from her company, in fasting and prayer. The military organization of this battalion is so perfect that the entire army endeavors to imitate it.

TRUTH ALWAYS THE BEST.—Truth has all the advantages of appearance, and many more; and upon every account, sincerity is true wisdom. As to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the arts of dissimulation and deceit. It is much the plainer and the easier, much the safer and more secure way; it hath less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard, it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last, when deceit and cunning, which continually grow weaker and less effectual, will finally fail us.

If the care of the hair were made a part of a lady's education, we should not see so many gray heads, and the use of Hall's Hair Renewer would be unnecessary.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

A crow will destroy 700,000 insects every year.

Salt water is slightly heavier than fresh water.

The river Rhine flows three times as fast as the Thames.

The average loss of life in mines is one in 602 persons.

There are four times as many Irishmen as Englishmen in the United States.

Altogether about 100,000 islands, large and small, are scattered over the oceans.

Some insurance companies of Paris refuse to insure people who dye their hair.

More than three-fifths of the sensational news of the world is published in evening papers.

Rats may be got rid of by stuffing their runs with dry hay, well seasoned with cayenne pepper.

Lady Aberdeen advocates official inspection of the teeth of school children with a view to better care.

The growing roots of trees have shifted the foundation of a church at San Como, Guatemala, seven inches.

Artificial rubies now so closely resemble the genuine stones that it is difficult for even jewelers to distinguish them.

Great Britain owns 2,570,000 square miles of territory in Africa, an area almost equal to that of the United States.

Siberian peasants clean, stretch, and dry the skin of the turbot for leather bags and as a substitute for glass window panes.

There are enough paupers in Great Britain to form, if ranged four abreast, a procession considerably over one hundred miles in length.

The great Ottoman empire, which at one time threatened the civilized world, sprang from a band of four hundred wandering Turkoman families.

There are in the world 270 cities having more than 100,000 inhabitants each; 35 having more than 500,000; and 12 with a population of more than 1,000,000.

Lilies are raised as a regular field crop in the Bermudas. In one of the largest fields over a hundred thousand may be seen in bloom at the same time.

Between 1872 and 1881 the Christians of India increased by more than 30 per cent., while the general population only showed about 7 per cent. increase.

Census-taking in Japan is simple, but the results are utterly untrustworthy. The houses are counted, and an average of five persons is allowed for each house.

The longest game of chess on record took between five and six years to finish. One player was in England, and one in Australia, and the game was played by post.

Japanese ladies who have the misfortune to possess curly hair devote as much time and trouble to make it smooth as their European sisters do to make theirs curly.

Scrub, Jaybird, Anvil, Dodo, Torch, Nebo, Africa, Shinrock, Ell, Skullfork, Kitchen, Purity; Neowach and Roomer illustrate the Ohio idea of naming post offices.

If a coat of paint were applied to the skin of a human being, death would ensue in a few hours owing to the pores of the skin being prevented from fulfilling their functions.

Formerly it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of body, table, and bed linen. From this custom all unmarried women were termed spinsters.

In the country districts, both in England and Germany, there is an idea that if the bees swarm upon a rotten tree there will be a death in the family owning or living on the property before the expiration of a twelvemonth.

A valuable arm chair is in the possession of the Earl of Radnor. It originally cost $50,000, and was presented by the city of Augsburg to Emperor Rudolph II, of Germany, about the year 1576. It is of steel, and took the artist about thirty years to make.

Cremation is making so little progress that it may be said to have lost its hold even upon the opponents of burial. Over 1,000,000 people died in the United States in 1894, and less than 700 bodies were cremated. The price of incineration is $35, children under 12 years, $10.

The battle of the Emperors was fought at Austerlitz in 1805. The emperors present were Napoleon, Francis of Austria and Alexander of Russia. More than 170,000 were actually engaged in the battle, and of this number 23,000, or 13 per cent. of the whole, were killed or wounded.

A most excellent body, the Gentlewomen's Employment Association of Manchester, has just been amalgamated with the Ladies' Work Society because it had not sufficient funds to carry on its work. The object of the association is to find employment for gentlewomen and also to give training in certain industrial pursuits, and the amalgamation took place to prevent the disappearance of such valuable help.

EVENING.

BY E. D. B.

The proud queen rose doth bend her head and weep,
For day is over, and the sun has set,
And her soft leaves with silver dews are wet,
While, rock'd by the kind breeze, she sinks to sleep.
A low soft sound is wafted through the trees,
A musical, half-melancholy air,
Play'd by the fairy fingers of the breeze
On leafy harps, the flowers' worldless prayer.
And slowly rising o'er the ocean vast,
Behold the night's fair silver-robed queen;
A mellow light her regal crown doth cast
Upon the world, o'er which she smiles serene.
Ah! now a cloud doth shroud her from our sight,
The shadows deepen into sombre night.

ABOUT BLACKING.

That some preparation analogous to our shoe blacking was in use among the Romans, though mainly applied to harness, bridle-reins and leather thongs, appears evident from several passages in Pliny's Natural History, in which he speaks of anointing leather articles with the dregs of the olive, and afterwards of applying to them atramentum, the Roman ink composed of lampblack, gum and vinegar.

The remains of leather found in the Roman gravel pit opened in digging the foundation for the new Royal Exchange, London, also furnish proof of having been coated with blacking and of a description which would produce a gloss.

The Roman recipe, however, whatever may have been its constituents, was lost in the later periods of the Roman Empire, and for several centuries the French furnished blacking to the rest of Europe, though their preparation was a very simple one, consisting principally of wax, tallow and lampblack.

The considerable improvements in this article, now of such universal use, date somewhere about the middle of the last century. The English cake-blacking then introduced, was a mixture of lampblack, treacle and oil.

This was subsequently improved by the addition of vinegar or some of the mineral acids, particularly the sulphuric and hydrochloric. These latter, however, while they gave a brighter and more permanent gloss were, if at all in excess, highly injurious to the leather.

About the commencement of the present century liquid blacking was first extensively introduced. Mr. Richard Martin, a gentleman of fortune, while traveling on the continent, became possessed of the recipe of a liquid blacking invented by a German chemist. On his return he became associated with Mr. Charles Day, and they established at Holborn in 1801 the manufacture since so famous as Day & Martin's Blacking. Mr. Martin retired in 1808, but the name was continued until the death of Mr. Day in 1836, when the business with a portion of the colossal fortune acquired in it were bequeathed to his nephew, by whom it is still prosecuted.

The constituents of modern blacking are bone-black, sugar, (molasses will answer) sperm oil, sulphuric acid, and strong vinegar. The process is as follows: The bone-black finely levigated, and the sperm oil, are rubbed together very thoroughly; the sugar or molasses mixed with a small quantity of vinegar is next added and stirred well into the mass; strong sulphuric acid is then gradually poured into the vessel; this produces a violent effervescence and evolves much heat from the action of the acid on the carbonate of lime contained in the bone-black. The object to be attained by the use of the sulphuric acid (which should not be in excess) is to decompose the bone-black, and produce a sulpnate of lime and a soluble acid phosphate.

In Germany, according to Baron Liebig, the following formula is used by the best manufacturers: powdered bone-black is mixed with half its weight of molasses, and one eighth of its weight in olive oil, to which are afterwards added one eighth of its weight of hydrochloric acid, and one fourth its weight of strong sulphuric acid. The whole is then mixed with water to form a paste.

In this country a great variety of preparations have been offered to the public, many of them highly recommended, either for the beauty of their polish, or their preservative qualities.

The combination of the solution of India rubber in naptha, with other unctuous substances, to form a water-proof blacking, is, however, deserving of mention, as constituting the first truly water-proof blacking. The preparation known as "black-ball," or, when containing a larger proportion of wax, as "heel-ball," is compounded of wax, tallow, rosin and lamp-black. It forms an excellent coating for the heavier and coarser qualities of boots, rendering them nearly impervious to water.

It was probably to an article of somewhat similar composition, that the French name, "cirage," now applied to all descriptions of blacking, originally referred.

The introduction of patent, japanned, or enamelled leather, (prepared by treating common leather with a solution of alum or borax, and then coating it with a varnish, consisting mainly of linseed oil, boiled to a syrup-like consistency, of which varnish six or seven coats are successfully applied,) for shoes, to a considerable extent, superseded the use of blacking; but until this leather can be so prepared as to be less liable to crack than now, and to permit the insensible perspiration to pass off, sensible people will preper the plain calf-skin or morocco, polished, to the corn-torturing patent leather.

LOSING THEM.—A certain editor lost two subscribers by an act of his own carelessness; and this is how it came about. They wrote to ask his remedy for their respective troubles. Number One, a happy father of twins, wrote to inquire the best way to get them over their teething; and Number Two wanted to know how to protect his orchard from myriads of grasshoppers.

The editor framed his answers upon the orthodox lines, but unfortunately transposed the inquirers' two names, with the result that Number One, who was blessed with twins, reads in his reply to his query:

"Cover them carefully with straw and set fire to them, and the little pests, after jumping about in the flames for a few minutes, will speedily be settled."

Number Two, plagued with grasshoppers, was told:

"Give a little castor-oil, and rub their gums gently with a bone ring."

Grains of Gold.

There are no blinder people than those who think they have no faults.

We pray for nobody unless we pray for everybody on the globe.

The best cross for us, is the one that will sooner kill our selfishness.

People who blow their own horns make poor music for other folks.

The devil lives in the same house with the man who has a violent temper.

The man who would be a leader, must not be afraid to walk by himself.

Doing good will be found more profitable in the end, than digging gold.

In nine cases out of ten, the man who has riches pays too much for them.

Until we are willing to do all in our power to answer our prayer, we do not pray.

The man who can learn from his own mistakes, can always be learning something.

All some people want with religion, is to keep them from trembling when it thunders.

One of the hardest lessons to learn, is that we are made out of the same kind of clay as the people we don't like.

Believe nothing against another but on good authority; and never report what may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to some other to conceal it.

Femininities.

Bermuda has a rifle corps of ladies.

Princess Victoria of Wales is a cigarette smoker.

One of the best helps toward heaven is a good mother.

When is a blow from a lady welcome? When she strikes you agreeably.

He: "Which are the more foolish, men or women?" She: "Women, because they marry men."

He: "If I'd known that tunnel was so long I'd have kissed you." She: "Gracious, didn't you? Somebody did."

We notice an account of a lady who captured three burglars, and the story is that she did not find them under the bed.

It is said that a spinsters' club is to be established in London, membership of which will be terminated by marriage.

The Countess of Castellane, formerly Miss Gould, is the proud possessor of a crown that was once worn by Marie Antoinette.

"Don't you think you would better make him wait a year?" "Dear me, no! Why, at the end of the year I might not want to marry him."

Ethel: "I wonder if he loves me as he says? He has known me only a week." Clarissa: "He may, if that's all the time he has known you."

Peacemaker: "Laura, haven't you and Irene kissed and made up yet?" Laura: "Oh, yes! That is, we kissed. She was already made up."

Little Baby Nugent, born recently at Kokomo, Ind., where so many strange things happen, is the fourteenth daughter of the fourteenth daughter.

Bache: "I can't see why women always turn to the end of a novel first." Henpeck: "Ah, you know, they always want to have the last word!"

Mrs. Rorer says that we eat ten times more than we need; that people should eat nothing but fruit at noon, and that her noon lunch comprises six apples and five oranges.

It is said that the Empress of Austria is making a collection of cows. She brings one home from every foreign place she visits, and orders milk from different ones as her inclination dictates.

Sarah Siddons' grandson, who had been a famous caricaturist, but recently a beggar, died in a London street recently. His father was for many years a private reader to the Queen.

"I never talk about the club to my wife." "I do. I speak of it in glowing terms, and then stay at home occasionally. So my wife thinks there isn't a more self-sacrificing husband in the world."

Halsey Putnam: "Haven't you felt rather lonesome while your wife has been away to the country?" Greene Gates: "No; we have a parrot in the house has a record of two hundred and forty words a minute."

Alice King, the English novelist, who has been blind ever since her seventh year, is, nevertheless, a fearless horsewoman, and, when accompanied by friends, gallops over the roughest roads with keen enjoyment.

Jack: "I heard that that girl you have been going to see so long is to be married next month." Tom, sadly: "It's true, she is." Jack: "That's pretty rough on you, isn't it?" Tom, resignedly: "I can stand it." Jack: "Who is the happy man?" Tom: "I am."

Young husband, severely: "My love, these biscuits are sour, horribly sour!" Young wife, who took the chemistry prize at boarding school: "I fo got to add the soda, my dear; but, never mind. After tea we can walk out and get some soda water."

A woman in Bowerbank, Me., has worked a good-sized farm during all of this year entirely by herself, caring for the cattle, cutting and storing the hay, harvesting the crops, and hauling the produce to market with a yoke of oxen.

Upholsterer: "Madam, this is a fine reception chair. Our latest design. Try it, please." Mrs. Society: "Dear me! how uncomfortable it is! I couldn't sit in it for five minutes." Upholsterer: "That's it exactly, madam. You see, it is intended for callers."

"What on earth are you engaged to three men for?" said Blanche to Sue. "You can't marry them all." "No," replied Sue, "but by working up a little competition among them I can probably induce one or the other to hurry up and earn enough to marry on."

Mrs. Youngman: "I wish I knew some way to prevent the baby from sucking his thumb." Bachelor uncle: "Hum! Let me see. There ought to be some way. Why, yes; I've thought of a plan already." "Oh, thank you ever so much. What shall I do?" "Muzzle him."

Mrs. Caroline Coby, of New York, is wife of John W. Coby, by right of priority. Mrs. Emma Coby a little is eight years younger. On Monday the latter purchased the right, title, etc., of the former, the consideration being a house and lot. This may be considered a stiff price since John W. is at present in jail charged with larceny.

Masculinities.

J. B. Moens, of Brussels, has spent $200,000 in collecting stamps.

A man breathes about twenty times in a minute, or 1,200 times an hour.

For three generations a Norton has been sheriff of Waldo county, Maine.

Scientists predict that in a century's time there will be no disease that is not curable.

Mr. Gladstone is still the champion postal card writer, consuming over 4000 cards per year.

"Here is the account of a man who had four wives, and he is to suffer for it." "What, again!"

The Princesses of the English royal family have, on the average, married at the age of 22; the princes at 28.

"Thought you said your friends were a unit?" "I was right about it, too," answered the defeated one; "I got just one vote."

The Prince of Wales wears his beard a la Van Dyke. His father told him that it was the only style becoming to his fat face.

There is a girl in Maine who has the sleeping habit the worst way. She often sleeps twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four.

Wiggs: "That's a shocking bad hat you're wearing, Jones." Jones: "Yes; I put it on to remind my wife of the enormity of her last milliner's bill."

Bacon: "Does that young man who is paying attention to your daughter leave at a seasonable hour at night?" Egbert: "Yes; I have no reason to kick."

It is said that a man in London makes his living by selling to those who are hard up, or who want to float companies, the names and addresses of wealthy people.

Henpeck: "I wish I was a newspaper man." Scribbler: "But think of the unearthly hours." Henpeck: "That's just it. I wouldn't get home until my wife was asleep."

Two bucks shot dead at one stand with two shots from a Winchester was Mr. James Craney's accomplishment in a hunting trip near Abbeyville, Ga., a few days ago.

Carleton: "How did you enjoy yourself at Mrs. Hamilton's last night?" Montauk: "First-rate. There wasn't a song or recitation sprung on us during the entire evening."

The Turkish court pianist, Dussap Pasha, receives $3000 a year for his services, but he is temporarily suspended every time he plays a tune the Sultan does not care to hear.

Archibald Clark, a Kentucky man, is a somnambulist, and the peculiar direction his weakness takes is to go into his truck patch and perform the labor he intended doing when awake.

Several members of the royal family, including Prince Henry, of Battenberg, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, have taken to bicycle riding and are now adepts in "wheeling."

The editor of a Missouri paper, the Sturgeon Leader, offers a year's free subscription to the young lady who will write him the best proposal of marriage before November 15.

Prince Karl, of Denmark, to whom Princess Maud, of England, is engaged, is only a little over 25 years old; yet he is two years seven months and eight days younger than his betrothed.

Senator Morrill, of Vermont, "the father of the Senate," is now 85 years of age. He never touched wine until he was 40 years of age, and has always eschewed stimulants, worry and late hours when possible.

Checkerly: "I wonder where young Dudely acquired his sublime repose of manner?" Stripes: "Well, his father had to work like the deuce to leave him all that money, so I suppose he is doing the sleeping for both!"

Barber: "Of course, I don't like to talk against my own business, but your taking four shampoos a week is bound to make your hair brittle." Enpeckt: "Let her go. The brittler it is the easier I can break her hold."

Fond mamma, oracularly: "Every Christian name has some particular meaning, or ought to have. Charles signifies kingly; Harry, the noble; Frank—let's see. What does Frank mean?" Lovely daughter, starting out of a reverie: "Et—Frank? Oh, he means business! He told me so, last night."

At Aulowohnen, in Germany, a working man, aged seventy-seven, recently married a lady who had passed her eightieth summer. The happy couple had formerly been sweethearts in their youth, but subsequently had each been married twice. Now, however, they have at last found themselves together again.

A political situation that is probably unique developed in the little town of Acree, near Albany, Ky., recently. It was the annual election of municipal officers, and there were forty-two voters on the list. When the balloting took place it was found that only one of the forty two voters was properly registered. That one was the candidate for Mayor. He cast the only ballot at the election, and duly elected himself and a Board of Aldermen.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Novel gowns for evening wear are now being shown. The materials used for evening gowns this season do not stop at, say, two kinds, but three, and sometimes even four different kinds of stuffs go into one dress. A gown recently seen was composed of various materials. The full, gracefully gored skirt flowing far out behind and at the sides was made of rich brocaded silk, patterned with bunches of pink roses, with foliage, on a creamy ground. The waist was of the palest shade of green velvet, draped in festoons of pink chiffon round the neck and carried in pin pleats to a point at the waist back and front. The enormously full sleeves drooping slightly off the shoulder were of cream satin with curtains of the chiffon.

A delightful evening dress was composed of pearl gray silk for the skirt and sleeves. The skirt is very full, causing it to fall out very far all round. The front width is richly embroidered with silver in a charming design of flowers. Long black velvet streamers fall carelessly from button bows placed on either side and also at the back of the lower part of the corsage, which is made of pale pink velvet braided up the front in silver cord, when the neck is finished with a narrow band of black velvet. The puffed sleeves are cut open over the top of the arm in a very effective manner. An aigrette adorns the hair, and round the throat is tied a velvet ribbon.

Another novelty was a beautifully braided coat composed of slate-colored faced cloth. For the rather wide collar Persian lamb is used, and this is also inserted down the sleeves from shoulder to finish, narrowing imperceptibly as it nears the waist. A handsome braiding in black cord is worked down each side of the fur and also round the collar, about one inch of cloth being left for that purpose. With this coat a gray velvet hat, trimmed with black tips and gray velvet bows, is worn.

An exceedingly stylish cape was made of sage green Lyons velvet, handsomely trimmed with jet and black ostrich plumes. The cape extends just below the waist and is cut with a deep waved edge, each wave being ingeniously adorned by a rich jet ornament and an ostrich plume. A frill of black velvet surrounds the edge of the cape. The large frilled collar of black velvet, lined with sage-green satin, extends well over the shoulders, while in the front it is carried in wavelike folds to the edge of the cape. The high black velvet collar is edged with black ostrich plumes. Long cravat ends of green velvet with rounded edge are enriched with jet and an ostrich plume and a frill of black velvet. This novel cape has a white satin lining.

A swell cape is made of black velvet, over a close fitting vest of blue cloth richly embroidered in tinsel and jewels. The stylish Medici shoulder cape is made of the embroidered blue cloth, and is embellished at the front edge by five short loops and one long loop and end of black satin ribbon. The high Medici collar of blue cloth has the edge ornamented by a band of black feather trimming, which extends down the entire length of the vest. It is lined throughout with a blue broche silk.

An attractive cape is made of black and heliotrope velours du nord, trimmed with jet and black fox fur. This wrap is composed of two capes, the longest one extending to the wrist, while the second cape is six inches shorter. An unique collar of black velvet is embroidered at the edge with jet, and is enhanced at the front, where the lower edges join by a bow of black satin ribbon. The high collar and both of the capes are edged with black fox fur. The lining is a shot silk in black and heliotrope.

A charming cape is made of fawn cloth, with a round yoke in a darker shade. The yoke is edged with a band of mouffion fur, which passes down either side of the front of the cape, being placed three inches from the edge, and is then carried around it, at the same distance from edge as the bands ornamenting the front. The high collar is made of the fur. Like all the best capes of the present season, this cape is lined with a rich broche in brown and gold, shot faintly with pink, and toning beautifully with the color of the cloth.

Another cape, made of black velvet, is cut in a full circular shape and is enriched with a novel and effective floral design, carried out in an applique of fine black cloth, which is elaborately embroidered with jet. Black Thibet goat fur adorns the edge of the cape. The Medici collar is composed entirely of the fur. It is lined with a shot silk in shades of blue and green.

A very effective cape, which would be equally useful for day or evening wear, is made in quite a new shade of electric blue cloth. It is finished with a very deep roll collar of natural lynx fur. This cape can be worn partially open, the front being held together by a strap, or it can be closed to the throat should the coldness of the weather necessitate the wearing of a really warm wrap. It is lined with shot glace silk in shades of blue and pink.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

The next best thing to do when coffee is not freshly roasted for every making is to put it dry into a slow oven for a while before grinding, which will bring out the aromatic oil of the berry.

Remember the importance of careful cleaning when copper is used for the preserving or pickling kettle. If the copper becomes very much tarnished or coated with verdigris, diluted oxalic acid in the proportion of a tablespoonful to a quart of water will clean it more quickly than anything else.

Remember that preserves must not be kept in a warm place after they have been prepared for the winter. Such a thing as an absolutely air-tight material being practically unknown, they should be placed where it is cool and dry, for if sealed ever so closely they will in time heat through and ferment if kept where it is warm.

Remember during the house cleaning to polish plate glass and remove slight scratches by rubbing the surface gently first with a clean pad and afterward with a similar pad covered over with cotton velvet, which has been charged with rouge. The surface will, under this treatment, acquire a polish of great brilliancy, quite free from scratches.

The swaying motion of a swing or rocking chair is inclined to produce congestion of the head, and this is the reason of its soothing effect. We consider it injurious to older people as well as to children; many a woman rocks much vitality away. She begins talking to her friends, and almost without consciousness begins her ceaseless, nervous rock, violating both the rule of good taste and the laws of her body.

If sheets or tablecloths are wrung by putting the selvage through the wringer the edges will not curl up and they will iron much more easily.

Spoons with tea, coffee, chocolate and bouillon remain in the saucer when not conveying liquid to the mouth. They are correctly placed at the right of the cup whenever not in use.

For velvet sauce the butter and flour should be rubbed together. It is a mistake to put the butter to melt in the milk, which gives a lumpy sauce, floats oil on top, and really takes longer than the correct way of doing.

When a milk diet is prescribed for one who has an acid stomach, it is often best to add a little lime water to it. Lime water is made by turning two quarts of hot water over a piece of unslacked lime an inch square. When it is slacked, stir and let stand over night. In the morning pour off as much liquid as is clear and bottle it. To half a pint of milk add a teaspoonful of lime water. Lime-water tablets ready for use are to be found at most pharmacies. Albumenized milk is made by putting the whites of two eggs in a glass jar with one pint of milk, and shaking them thoroughly.

Spring Cream.—Clean two dozen stalks of rhubarb, cut it into pieces, and put into a saucepan with the grated peel of one lemon, two cloves, a piece of cinnamon, and as much good moist sugar as will sweeten it. Set it over the fire and reduce it to a marmalade. Strain it through a hair sieve, add to it a pint of good, thick cream. Serve in a deep glass dish. If wanted in a shape dissolve a little gelatine in a little hot water, and strain it when nearly cold on the cream, pour it into a mould and set on the ice.

Rice Snow Balls.—Put one-quarter of a pound of rice into a saucepan with 1½ pints of new milk, two ounces of sugar and two ounces of sweet almonds blanched and minced fine, and boil it till the rice is tender. Dip some small cups into cold cold water, fill them with the rice and set them away to cool. When cold turn them out on a dish, arrange a boiler of preserves of marmalade all round them and pour a little rich cream into the centre if you have it.

Baked Apricot Pudding.—Take the stones from fifteen or sixteen fresh apricots, and scald them for a few minutes over the fire. Grate a French roll into a basin, pour over it a pint of boiling cream, and stir it till nearly cold. Sweeten it with three ounces of sugar, and well mix the whole with three tablespoonfuls of sherry and the yolks of five eggs well beaten. Blanch the kernels of the fruit and pound them fine. Beat the apricots to a pulp, and add them with the kernels to the other ingredients. Line the dish and the edge with fine puff paste, put in the pudding and bake it.

Brandy Creams.—Boil twenty sweet and twenty bitter almonds blanched and pounded, in a few spoonfuls of milk for five or ten minutes. When cold, stir in the yolks of five eggs, well beaten with a spoonful of cream, add three ounces of sugar, and two wine glasses of the best brandy. When thoroughly mixed, pour in a quart of cream. Set it over the fire in a double boiler, but do not let it boil. Stir one way till it thickens. Pour it into custard cups, and when cold cover the tops with grated macaroons.

Noyeau Cream.—Dissolve one ounce of gelatine in a small cupful of boiling water, with the peel of a lemon cut very thin. When the gelatine is dissolved and the essence extracted from the peel, strain it into a quart of good cream, stirring constantly to prevent its curding, sweeten it with one-quarter pound of sugar, and add a glass or two of noyeau. Whisk the whole together thoroughly for a few moments, then pour it into a mould that has been wet in cold water. Set it on the ice, or in a very cold place, until well set. Garnish with flowers or fruit.

Pistachio Cream.—Blanch one-half pound of pistachio nuts, and pound them to a paste with a tablespoonful of brandy. Add the paste to a pint and a-half of good cream, sweeten to your taste, add the yolks of two beaten eggs, and stir it over the fire until it becomes thick. Pour it into a glass dish, and when cold stick long shreds of pistachio nuts over the top.

Cocante.—Blanch one pound of sweet almonds, and cut them lengthwise in strips. Melt in a saucepan one pound of loaf sugar, with a tablespoonful of water, add a piece of butter the size of an egg and the milk. Boil very slowly, stirring steadily till a golden brown; then pour into a buttered pan, and when cool cut into small strips.

Cabbage in Cream Sauce.—Take a medium-sized fresh head of white cabbage and cut it in quarters, after removing the outer green leaves. Cut out the stem from the head and throw the cabbage into a kettle of boiling water. Let it cook for ten minutes; then remove it with a skimmer and put it into cold water to cool. After this the unpleasant odor so noticeable in cooking cabbage disappears. When the cabbage is cold, chop it fine, season it with salt and pepper, and add two large tablespoonful of flour and a pint of milk. Let the cabbage simmer slowly for three-quarters of an hour and then serve. Such a dish of cabbage served with a piece of fresh beef, braised with vegetables till it is thoroughly tender, gives a dinner an epicure might enjoy. The meat has had all its juices carefully saved by browning it in a small portion of stock—a process quite similar to roasting. By this method all the liquor in which the meat is cooked is saved for the gravy. The farmer's pot roast is similar to the French braise and is a process in every way superior to the extravagant method of boiling meat when the best parts of the beef are soaked out in the winter.

To Boil Salt Cod.—Wash it carefully in several waters, and let it soak in cold water over night. In the morning put it in a saucepan with cold water and set it where it will keep warm and at length simmer, but not boil. Let it remain on the stove until dinner time, and serve with beets and potatoes and drawn butter or with pork scraps. To prepare the scraps: Cut salt pork into very small square pieces; put them into a saucepan and cook till they are crisped. One-fourth of a pound will be enough for a family of five, and it will take half an hour to cook it.

TAKEA RIGHT VIEW OF THINGS.—Oliver Wendell Holmes considered cheerfulness a duty which the human soul owes to its physical yokefellow. "You may despise the body," he says, "as a slave of the metaphysical mind, but remember that the humblest servant may get weary of working for a moping master. . . . Bad luck, of course, cannot always be parried, but it can be ignored. Refuse to be discouraged. Accept disappointments as mere postponements of your plans. Say 'Too soon.' Never say 'Too late.' In the interest of health and your hope of success take a bright view of things, like an obstructed plant that turns toward a faint sunbeam till it at last emerges into the prosperity of free daylight."

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WILL CURE

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Cripple, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with diseases may suffer.

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Will Afford Instant Ease.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or mucous membranes.

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Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need anyone SUFFER WITH PAIN.

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Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., Lock Box 365, New York, for Book of Advice.

Spring and Autumn.

BY A. L. T.

"BUT, my dear Alexandra——"

"Whew—w! Portentousness itself!" cried the other, sitting straight up on the grass, half vexed, half in mocking jest. "I tell you, my dear Bertha, that it's no use to bother me about your blessed Squire. I'm not in love with him, and never shall be, cousin mine!"

"He is young, handsome, rich, and adores you, Alex," struck in the elder cousin, not to be so easily silenced. Bertha was plain, and quite aggravatingly worthy and sensible. "You are quite three-and-twenty, if you look rather younger."

"Thanks, my dear." Beautiful Alex Heathcote looked so wicked as she once more dropped her tall, graceful form back on the lawn, with the arms under her curly head. "Yes, go on, since the lecture is to be 'continued in our next.'"

"I am only speaking for your own good, Alex."

"Of course," in a drily, quizzical stage aside; "tiresome things always are said for one's own good."

"It is absurd: it is really wrong to turn a deaf ear to first one and then the other, Alex. And this would be a really splendid match, child! Of course, in birth and breeding you are any well-born man's equal, but in means, what country doctor's daughter ought, in the name of commonsense, to throw aside such a chance?"

"Y—es; it's awful to contemplate, certainly," lazily murmured Miss Alex. "Your remarks are wisdom itself. He is rich, good-looking, very nice, very steady, and worthy; in fact, I daresay, all the virtues bound up in gold, but, alas! my Sapienta, he is not my sort of young man. For one thing, he is too young for me."

"What! Ridiculous, my dear!" exclaimed Bertha. "He is your own age; not a year older, and you could twist him round your finger! Your will would be his law!"

"Exactly. You have hit the right nail plumb centre," said Alex, coolly. "He is too young for me, and too—well, I should dominate him, which is reversing the natural position. I like Dick Fontenoy as a friendly acquaintance, voila tout, my dear. Oh, I'm not in love with some other charming swain, so don't look at me in that way. Poor Bertha!" said she, beginning to ripple into laughter, as she jumped up. "Why, there is father coming in at the gate with an open letter in his hand, and he looks quite excited."

She sprang to meet the elderly gentleman who came quickly towards the two girls.

"Why, pater, your dear old face is one beam of joy!" cried Alex. "Did you meet the postman? What good news have you got?"

"Can't you guess, my saucy puss?" said he, holding up the thin, foreign paper. "Of course you can! It is from Bombay—from my dear old friend, Austin Guest, now General Guest! And by now he'll be in London. I shall go and see him, of course, dear, and directly he can get free he promises to come and stop with us for a visit. You don't remember him at all."

"I have a dim, childish memory of a tall man, who used to carry me on his shoulder," laughed Alex, dancing up and down on the velvet turf. "I'm so glad he's coming, father! I've always wished to see such a distinguished officer—he's the Colonel Guest, you know, Bertha, who has so often been mentioned; and, then he is your old schoolboy friend, father."

"Ah! friend indeed, dear, though he is ten years younger than I am; he is forty-five."

"Is he married, uncle Mark, or a widower?" asked Bertha.

"Bless the girl, neither; he's 'an old bachelor,' he writes; 'never have had the time to think about marrying, and never cared about it,'" laughed Dr. Heathcote. "Is tea ready, Alex?"

"It is in the drawing-room, father, waiting for me to make the tea," and away she bounded.

"Dear me, Bertha," said the doctor, looking after Alex. "You and I shall miss the child terribly when—or if—Dick Fontenoy does carry her off, after all."

"Yes, uncle, but," sighed Bertha, "she is so perverse at present. I've been lecturing her."

"My dear, let the child alone! I won't have her bothered! If she likes him, well and good; but if not, she shall never be troubled, were he a Cœsius."

And the doctor meant it.

The following Monday, off he went to London—no great distance by rail—to meet his old chum from India, and when he returned late at night it was to announce that in ten days the General would be with them on a nice long visit of some weeks.

"I expect that he is a regular old fogey," said Bertha, when the day came, and they were awaiting the return from the station of the doctor and his old friend.

"Perhaps; but all the same, he is a real live hero," returned Alex. "Oh, dear! the vase here must have some flowers! I'll run and gather some before our folks arrive. I'll be quick."

Away she sped like a fawn, but when she got back again near the open windows, she heard a strange voice, deep and musical, then Bertha's and the doctor's. They had arrived, then! Alex hurried forward, and hastily threw the roses down on a table by the window as she entered.

"I am so sorry—I thought I had time," she began; and then her father was proudly presenting her to his old friend, and the rich voice she had heard was speaking as the stranger took both her hands.

"So this is the baby Alex I used to spoil; but you don't remember that time, of course, my child."

"Indeed I do, dimly, General Guest," said Alex, smiling up into the searching, handsome dark eyes. "I was nearly four years old, you know."

"Aye, so you were, my dear; and a weather-beaten, gray old fellow like me may tell you that you are just the same pretty creature you were then."

Alex laughed merrily at that, but mentally demurred to the first part of the speech as Guest now followed her father up to the room prepared for the visitor.

For Austin Guest was a tall, slight man, erect and commanding, every inch the soldier. Weather-beaten, certainly, deeply bronzed to an almost copper hue and his moustache and thick hair far more gray than black; what a fine, reliable face with its well-cut features, its resolute, tender mouth, its broad forehead, and keen, expressive dark eyes, so gentle, yet so full of a slumbering fire.

"Dear old fellow, indeed!" thought Alex. And each day only strengthened that opinion; and as Dr. Heathcote was of course necessarily much out, and Bertha, who for ten years had kept house, was mostly busied about domestic matters, or her district visiting, it practically devolved principally upon Alex to "take care of the General," as she put it.

"I wish father could be more with you, General," she said one day, they were returning from one of their many long walks. "I am such a poor companion for you, after all."

Guest looked down on her with rather an odd smile, and pulled his moustache.

"My dear child, never again let such an idea trouble your pretty head; it is absolutely the reverse of fact, believe me. I am only afraid that it is quite the other way about—I that am a dull companion for your bright youth; only a scarred old soldier."

"You dull!" exclaimed Alex. "Oh! no, no. You are the dearest, kindest of companions, General Guest. Indeed, you spoil me. You let me chatter and coax from you all your stores of experience and information. You are too good to me." Her eyes filled, her voice faltered.

"That could hardly be, my child," he said, softly. "Prove me—" Then he bit his lip, and stifled a sigh as he opened the garden gate for her to pass in. Heavens! how foolish he was to have let that bright young thing steal into his very heart in these few weeks! Mad, he muttered, in bitter anguish that night when he was done; but she must never know, never dream of his folly; he had no right—he, old enough to be her father—to so pain her, or seek ever to link her rich spring-time to his autumn-sere. How could she ever love him as he wanted? No, he must keep silent for ever, and bear his new terrible pain with a soldier's courage and endurance. Brave, noble heart, he never dreamed that, unconsciously to herself, the girl's reverence and affection for her father's friend, her indulgent companion, had a deeper, stronger root that was surely filling her heart and life. He never dreamed that something in those words and tone vaguely thrilled Alex, though she knew it not. What she did know was that the idea of Dick Fontenoy's suit was somehow more repugnant than ever, that she snubbed him more decidedly than ever when he put himself in her way, and tried to do the agreeable.

Bertha was so vexed at what she termed "Alex's perversity," that one day she confided her annoyance to Austin Guest; people were apt to make a confidant of him.

"It was so provoking," she ended. "Dick is so nice, and Alex does really like him very much, so that she will certainly get fond of him if she will but listen to him."

"Perhaps," said the General, drily, "but I suppose the child knows best what she does or does not like. I should advise you to let her alone, Bertha."

"Tiresome girl!" said Bertha. "She went off with her book an hour ago, quite in a huff with me, because I said she was cruel to young Fontenoy."

"My poor little Alex," said Guest, half laughing—but what a pain gripping his heart!—how likely that she did really care for the handsome young fellow!

"I must end this visit soon," Guest muttered, setting his teeth. "I cannot bear to see that—not yet. I am worse than foolish! She is but twenty-three—I am forty-five!"

He went out into the garden, in truth drawn irresistibly towards the spot where Alex was likely to be, a deep beautiful copse beyond the shrubbery, where there was a rustic bench, a favorite place of hers and his. And here he found her.

Down went the book, as Alex, with a bright smile, made room on the low bench.

"Nay, don't put down the book for me, my dear," Guest said, in his tender way, "or I shall feel de trop."

"You could never be that!" exclaimed Alex, with wide open eyes. "You could not even be in the way. I am so glad you have come."

"Are you?" His dark eyes glowed for a moment. "You missed me? Why did you not call me, my child, if there was anything you wanted me for?"

"Indeed, there was nothing especial, only—well, I am glad, and that is all," said Alex, looking up. "Bertha bothered me, and so I picked up a book and fled here."

"Poor little girl!" said he, patting her curly head caressingly. "What book is it? One of the Waverley Novels, I see, by the binding."

"Yes, 'The Betrothed,'" said Alex; "and do you know, Eveline Berenger always vexes me rather?"

"Does she? How?" asked Guest, amused. "She is one of the best of Scott's heroines."

"Yes, but I always thought she was so foolish," said Alex, with energy, "to prefer that 'young gentleman,' rather milksop Sir Damian, to that dear, splendid old Constable of Chester."

For one moment the soldier held his breath in the sudden passionate leap of the blood in his veins. He was mad—mad to—yet the words, the flush of possible hope dazzled him for that second.

"But, my dear child, there it was," he said, with an effort. Did she mean it? Did she, could she bring it home to herself, and still say the words? "Sir Hugo was elderly—twice her age, or more."

"Oh! but what of that, General?" Alex's eyes and cheeks were aglow, her white hands clasped in her eagerness. "See how noble he was, a grand fellow! So renowned and good! How he loved her!"

"In a fatherly way, Alex," Guest said, each breath drawn painfully. Did honor absolutely bind him? "And then, child, see the years between them! Could she have loved him—spring-time and autumn-sere? No, no; impossible, surely!"

"It is not, General! He was worth ten of Damian. If I had lived then, been in Eveline's place, I would have had that dear old Constable—loved him, reverenced him!"

"Alex! Alex! Heaven, child! don't tempt me so cruelly!"

The veil was suddenly rent in twain, and Alex sat absolutely still, so startled, so dazzled by the flood of light, that she was breathless; could not, dared not move. The crimson rushed to her very brow, then back again on her wildly throbbing heart. But he mistook her utter stillness, and with a stern effort regained self-mastery.

"My child! forgive me!" came unsteadily. "You could not, literally; romance is often so different from the reality. Youth should mate with its kindred youth, not with gray hairs. The folly is mine to love you, save as—I must go——"

"Hush!—stay—one moment!" Alex was trembling from head to foot still, but the dazed bewilderment had passed as the man's deep voice, quivering with its sternly subdued passion, fell like exquisite music on her soul. She understood all now—his heart and hers; she was a woman true and brave, who loved, and knew it; and her white, clinging fingers on his strong, bronzed hand arrested his movement to rise.

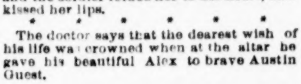
"Alex!" he whispered, breathlessly, "Alex!"

"Ah, don't leave me!" came with a half sob. "I did not know—I am so unworthy your love; only I—I love you!"

"My darling! my precious wife, then!" and the soldier folded her to his heart, and kissed her lips.

* * * * *

The doctor says that the dearest wish of his life was crowned when at the altar he gave his beautiful Alex to brave Austin Guest.



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Oak Lodge Thorpe,
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I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do no know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

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WE SECURE PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS, and the object of this offer is to encourage persons of an inventive turn of mind. At the same time we wish to impress the fact that

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Humorous.

SHE WILTED.

She questioned him close, but no secret disclosed,
As they sat in the gloaming together,
About his life—for the damsel proposed,
With rare wisdom, to ascertain whether
He had habits or faults which in subsequent years
Might occasion her worry or sorrow;
But George he was slick, and allayed all her fears
And doubts for the coming to morrow.

"Now, George, do you gamble?" The question came low
And distinct that he might understand;
"No, Ethel, I don't; but I ought to just now,
For I'm holding a beautiful hand,"
'Twas a triumph of genius, it can't be denied,
By mortals but rarely possessed;
She quietly gathered her sleeves to one side
And wilted away on his breast.

"Why, professor, you have two umbrellas." "That's all right. I expect to lose one of them."

She: "So you sat down in the only chair in the room." He: "Yes. I didn't want to keep her standing."

An excellent example of faith in Christianity is taking an umbrella to church and leaving it out in the vestibule.

Jazzam, in a hurry: "This is a quick lunch, is it? Well, what can you give me quickest?" Waiter: "Hasty pudding, sir!"

Teacher, wishing to drive home the moral: "Now, children, why did the boy stand on the burning deck?" Johnny Thickneck: "Because it was too hot to sit down on."

Customer: "I wish you wouldn't always tell such frightful stories. It make one's hair stand on end." Barber: "Exactly. That's the idea, for then I can cut your hair better."

Like an arrow he sped down the crowded street. Bzzip! All was darkness. "And now, my young friend," cheerfully remarked Satan. "I shall be delighted to show what scorching really is."

Lawyer, a few years hence: "Make your mind easy. The jury will disagree."

Prisoner: "Sure?"

Lawyer: "I know it. Two of the members are man and wife."

How would the aspect of the Eastern World be changed if a negro should drop a platter of Turkey? Answer: Greece would fall, Turkey would be overthrown, China would be broken into fragments, and Africa humiliated.

"I don't see why people come here for their health," growled Barker. "It strikes me as being very unhealthy."

"It is now," said the landlord. "So many people have come here for health, and got it, that our supply has been exhausted."

"Who's there?" cried little Binks, egged on by his wife, who insisted that there was a burglar in the room.

"Nobody," returned the burglar.

"There, my dear," snapped Binks, "that's exactly what I told you. Nobody's there—so do go to sleep."

Miss Bellefield: Mr. Spatters is a good sportsman.

Miss Bloomfield: Is he? He never shoots anything.

Miss Bellefield: That is why I call him good. I think it is wicked to kill innocent animals and birds.

Reginald: "What pet name do you call your father, Miss Laura?"

Laura: "Pop."

Reginald, tenderly: "And what pet name would you call me if I should ask you to marry me?"

Laura: "Popper."

"Yes," said the proprietor of the barber shop, "he was a very good barber, but we had to let him go. He didn't understand the business."

"What did he do?"

"He forgot to say to a bald headed customer that his hair needed trimming to-day."

Diner: Waiter, there are plenty of flies in this soup.

Waiter: Yes, sir. Curious things about flies, sir. They have the whole restaurant to fly about in, and yet they are not content until they get into the soup, where they are not only drowned, but scalded into the bargain. Yes, sir, flies is curious things.

"The ingratitood of man," said Perry Pertettle, "is simply awful."

"What's eatin' you?" asked his friend and companion, Soapless Johnson.

"Why, this piece in the paper. Here one of the boys gits a pair of pants and he finds $200 in 'em and he goes back 150 miles and gives the money back and what reward do you s'pose the feller give 'im? A steady job of work?"

"Thank you kindly, ma'am, for the dinner," said the tramp. "I'll never forget your kindness to me; and now, if you'll excuse me, I'll be gettin' back to work."

"Work?" asked the woman. "What is your work?"

"Well, it varies, ma'am. From six to nine in the mornin' it's generally lookin' for breakfast. After breakfast I sleep an hour, and then get ready for dinner. Now, havin' dined, I must put in the afternoon lookin' for some supper."

FACTS ABOUT BIRDS.—The soaring of a bird may be compared with a boy sliding down hill on a sled. If a hill is, say, 100 feet high, and the sides slope off in a horizonal direction 1000 feet from the summit, and if the snow is smooth, a boy can mount a sled and advance 2000 feet while he is falling, as relates to the earth, 100 feet; that is, the sled with the boy on it, develops sufficient power to drive the sled forward twenty feet, but when the boy is at the bottom of the hill and can develop no more power by failing, the sled soon comes to a state of rest.

Suppose, now, that a hill could be made in such a manner that it would constantly rise at such a velocity that the sled would never reach the bottom of the hill, the boy would then be able to slide forever, and that is exactly what occurs with a bird.

A bird places its wings in such a position that, as it falls in the air, say one foot, it moves forward through the twenty feet, that is, it slides along on the surface of the air underneath its wings in the same manner that the boy slides down the hill. Suppose, now, that the velocity of the bird should be about thirty miles an hour, this would account for the whole phenomenon of soaring on an upward current of only one and one half miles an hour.

With an upward current of two miles an hour the bird would rise, as relates to the earth, one-half a mile an hour, while actually falling through the air at the rate of one and one half miles an hour.

There is no doubt that a bird, by some very delicate sense of feeling and touch, is able to ascertain whether it is falling or rising in the air. It is a well known that fish have this power.

If a surface fish sinks too deeply in the water the compression of its swim bladder produces a sensation or impression upon its brain, which causes the fish to change its course, and relieves the pressure by coming nearer to the surface, and a similar thing is true of the deep sea fish.

If they approach the surface their swim bladder becomes enormously distended and no doubt produces a sensation which the fish know is relieved by again sinking into very deep water.

If these fish are caught and drawn to the surface, the distention of the swim bladder becomes so great that it displaces all the other organs of the body.

In all probability the numerous air cells which are found in the body of a bird are provided with delicate nerves, which operate in a similar manner to those of the swim bladder of a fish, so that as the bird is moving forward through the air it is able to take advantage of a rising column of air.

As a whole, we may consider that the rising columns of air would be half of the total area of the earth's surface, so that a soaring bird would always have a rising column of air which would serve as a support.

AN IDYL OF AUTUMN.—The vacation had flown, as vacation seasons sooner or later have to do, and the flush of the dying year lay upon the face of the landscape.

It was that kind of a flush.

The beautiful young heiress was for a long while silent, lost apparently in reflection. Then she spoke

"What is this new bond issue, Mr. Summerby?" she said.

It seems a strange question. All summer he had followed attentive in her train, and her utterances had been only the light and airy nothings so natural to the season.

"The new bond issue?" he faltered.

"Yes," she said, earnestly.

At times he had dared to let himself think he loved her, but so rich was she, so far above him, that he trembled and hesitated.

He was a man that needed encouragement.

She was that.

"The bond issue," he explained, "is a Government transaction. Needing money the Government issues bonds, and sells them, you understand."

A falling acorn rustled the dead leaves in the path.

"How nice," she said, after a thoughtful pause, "that the Government can get money so easily. It is different with private individuals, is it not?"

"Ye—es, it is different," young Mr. Summerby answered. Oh, how awfully different, he thought.

"They cannot issue bonds?" she pursued.

Young Mr. Summerby shook his head. He wished they could.

"And yet," the beautiful heiress went on, "I have heard of bonds"—

Then she stopped. In the tree overhead a squirrel twittered, and a distant cowbell gave forth a mellow note that soothed the ear. Young Mr. Summerby gasped.

"Miss Aster—Maud!" he stammered, excitedly, "if I might dare"—

"Mr. Summerby," she began, a few moments later.

"Call me George," he interrupted.

"George," she continued, "I think if you will release my hair, where it is caught in your scarf pin, we can go in and see papa."

And when, shortly afterward, the bonds of matrimony were put into the market they took up the entire issue themselves.

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Give a human being overwork and deficient food, and he is the victim of diarrhœa and dysentery.

Give him overwork and bad air and bad food, and he is the victim of typhus.

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Give him over mental work, with whatever air and whatever food, and he is the victim of brain disease, and of one or other of its sequences, insanity, paralysis, diabetes, permature death in any case; death by suicide not unfrequently.

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Sleeping Cars.	daily	9.45 p m

Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.

Lock Haven, Clearfield and Du Bois Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.30, 11.30 a m, 12.50, 1.30, 2.35, 5.00, 6.10, 8.25 (dining car) p m. 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.30 a m, 12.30, 6.10, 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12. night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 8.10, 9.10, 10.14, 11.14 a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 8.10, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 1.00, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.35, 9.45 p m. Sundays—5.27, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.0o, 4.20, 6.32, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, daily does not connect for Easton.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.25, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m.

For Gettysburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, Sunday, 4.00 a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves; Week-days—Express, 9.00, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City (depot) week-days, express, 7.35, 9.00, a m, 3.35, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 6.50, 8.15 a m, 4.02 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 7.30, p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

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